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THE ULTIMATE  
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MARCH 1975

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50c

# Macleans

Pros and cons of condominium life  
Toller Cranston: master of two arts  
The prime of Ms. Judy LaMarsh



James Richardson and...  
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# Maclean's

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## CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Photo Editor

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Book Review Editor

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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

In the past year, Maclean's assistant editor Walter Stewart has written 20 or so by-lined articles and columns, plus a book that made the best-seller list. He's answered more questions on radio phone-in shows than he cares to remember, and he's probably done television in this country a thousand times. By then, that it can't hurt to chide over even the most serious topics. He's a man who'll write about anything and talk about everything — somewhat of a Renaissance conversationalist — but if we were forced to name his specialties we'd pick politics, the economy, and food. No wonder it was a big year for him.

All that publicity should make him our most visible staff member. He disagrees. In fact, he claims he doesn't even exist, some say, he thinks he can prove it.

"Even the places I work at think I don't exist," his argument goes. "I travel so much I haven't an office of my own at Maclean's. When I was working at the Toronto Telegram, I got married and they ran a picture of me on the social page—but the bride's picture alongside the shot of the wasn't my wife."

The best proof, though, happened last August when I was slated to speak at a conference of agricultural economists in Quebec City. I was in Ottawa on assignment couldn't make it, but Murray was also to speak, and when he got there he asked where I was. "Don't you know?" the chairman asked Murray. "Walter Stewart's dead." So they got up on stage and paid a small tribute to my memory.

After hearing that we started gathering evidence to prove once and for all that Walter Stewart does exist. While we found nothing, three books, two of which — *Shog* and *Hard To Swallow* — were best sellers, a musical comedy, *The Orphan*, which supposedly knocked them out at the University of Toronto several decades back, a multitude of bylines in print, publications, and around 60 articles in five years at Maclean's.

But we got the proof we needed when checking with the accounting department. Every payday, regular as clockwork, some guy named Walter Stewart claims he works here.



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# ANDREW ROMAN TLTS AT WINDMILLS FOR US ALL

By Walter Stewart

Andrew Roman is an optimist, a doer and a hard worker, which is nice, because if he weren't he might be tempted to cut his throat. As General Counsel for the Canadian Association of Canadian Citizens (CAC), he spends his time hounding his boss against the brick wall of official obduracy on your behalf and more. Certainly, he admits, the CAC has not achieved everything it hoped for in its court actions to date (a polite euphemism of my suggestion that he had been clothed every time up to his), but, he says, "We are making good progress, we are drawing these matters to public attention and we are doing so in a back and forth fashion."

Roman is slender, bearded, handsome, he dresses well, keeps his Ottawa office neat and tightly organized, and looks less like a lumberjack lawyer than an insurance executive for a large advertising firm. That's not surprising, because he was an account executive for a large Toronto ad firm until "I decided that I didn't want to be my conscience that I had sold me more tales of toothpaste than anyone else."

He quit, went to law school and emerged, in 1971, looking for causes to champion. As an articling student he did volunteer work for the Canadian Association of Citizens, and when the federal government extended a grant to enable the CAC to contest the government's case, Roman went on full-time staff. "We live in a regulatory society, there are 120 tribunals in the federal level alone responsible for everything from the price you pay for airline tickets to the amount of gas we will export to the U.S. next year. As Finance Minister John Turner once noted, 'This looked at a lot of regulatory agencies, and I believe that every one of them tends to reflect the interests of the industry it is supposed to be regulating.' Most of our watchdogs are paymasters."

Roman's job is to try to right the balance. CAC, like Pollution Probe, intervenes from time to time in applications before public tribunals. To date, Roman has taken four key cases, and they are worth chronicling, briefly, in view of the way government regulation works.

In October, 1973, when Ontario Hydro applied to the National Energy Board for permission to increase hydro exports to the U.S., the CAC, with help from Pollution Probe, sought to show that Hydro would simply be taking in American pollution. Ontario would bring in more U.S. oil to produce more power to ship back across the border, the crown agency would give about a million to eight million dollars, the actual costs to Canada would come to about \$5.5 million. In rebuttal, a key Hydro witness made the interesting point that pollution brings benefits — as sales for plant companies are stimulated by the need to repeat poisoning houses. Roman wanted to know if he would consider pollution-related deaths a benefit to underwriters, but the Hydro man thought not. The NEB dismissed the CAC witnesses and their arguments, but did hint that Hydro should, in future, make some calculation of social costs in such cases.

In March, 1974, the CAC asked the Canadian Transportation Commission for the right to appear before it to



contest increases in railway passenger fares. A hearing was held on April 4 to determine whether the intervention would be allowed, but the decision was reserved, and reserved, and reserved. In September, the CAC withdrew its application, the price blum had been in place for five months, and the commission had still not made up its mind whether it would hear arguments against them.

In the meantime, however, the CAC had jumped up to fight airline ticket increases. Canada's major airlines had agreed earlier this year to hike domestic fares by \$2.50 on July 21 (on top of a 10-15% increase five months earlier). The airlines say not required to prove they need more money, they have only to notify the CTC in advance and the miles go through automatically unless someone intervenes. The CAC tried and it found that the airlines it needed to prove the case against the new fares were all in the hands of the companies, who wouldn't release them. And because the miles were automatic unless a case against them could be proved before July 21, there was no time to gather outside evidence. The airlines were so confident, they began collecting the new fares even before they had been voted by the CTC. Their optimism was justified. Guy Robette, acting chairman of the air transport committee of the CTC, obviously wanted the intervention, he told Roman that for consideration, not the consumer group, was the custodian of the public interest. After dismissing the CAC application, the committee heard two days of explanations from the airlines before granting them everything they asked.

Finally, Roman sharpened up his lance to tilt at the Bell Canada telephone rate increases for Ontario and Quebec. Bell wanted to increase revenues by \$31.8 million, the CAC, with the aid of the governments of Ontario and Quebec and a consumer advocate who called himself Action Bell Canada, managed to trim away about four million dollars.

The outcome in all these cases is much the same, an industry applies to a regulatory agency for economic benefits, the agency, after dismissing intervenors such as the CAC with more or less politeness, lurches into the poodles. There is a public hearing and the symbolic reassurance that everything is okay, we, as consumers, may be being ripped off, but it is all done according to proper form.

And yet Roman remains an optimist, and he advocates some reasons to explain his good cheer. His kind of intervention is new, up until now, the industries and the regulatory agencies have formed a cozy club, the challenge that consumer and environmental groups represent makes nothing so, so "You can't expect too much right away." In fact, Roman says, he has made some headway. Mr. Bell didn't get everything he wanted the airlines did cough up some figures, eventually, that the CAC may use next time.

If Roman and his kind keep pushing hard enough, we may even get regulatory agencies to throw away their rubber stamps and get up off their knees, which would be a blessed relief to us all.

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## EDWARD DAVISON: PROGRAMMING THE WAR AGAINST CANCER

By Wayne Campbell



In science, major advances in one field often come from original developments in another. The work of a Toronto expert in computer control theory is a good example of this sort of cross-pollination. Edward Davison, a professor of electrical engineering at the University of Toronto, and a virtual stranger to biological laboratories, may well have some up with the quantum leap needed to help bio-scientists understand the chemistry of the living cell. And he may also have discovered what goes wrong with a cell when it transforms itself into the deadliest of modern scourges, cancer.

Although several agents are known to reduce cancer and an array of drugs have been produced to slow its spread, the root causes of the disease are still a mystery. Current treatments, the cancer-busting drugs, and surgical removal of tumorous masses, are basically primitive methods of dealing with the problem. To Dr. J. P. Whitfield, head of a National Research Council laboratory investigating the disease, our approach to the treatment of cancers is equivalent to turning off a light by smashing the bulb. "This drastic action is necessary," he says, "because no one has a clear idea of where the wall switch is, let alone how to turn it to the 'on' position." What Edward Davison appears to have done is to find the switch (the first crucial step to turning it off) by constructing a computer model of the cell and causing it to transform into the cancerous condition.

Davison, at the age of 36, is regarded as one of the world's leading authorities in linear control theory, a developed computer models that describe the behavior of such physical systems as nuclear reactors, industrial processes, and space flights. His success in biology hasn't come via the usual laboratory methods, but from solitary thinking sessions and the endless manipulations of computer programs. It was the space program of the Saturn that helped convince him a computer model of a cell was possible.

"Take the flight of Mariner to Mars," he says. "The path of the spacecraft was plotted by building a mathematical model of the system. Information on things such as rocket thrust, planetary motion, and gravitational fields were plugged into mathematical equations and given to the computer for solution. Sure enough, the craft behaved precisely as the computer model predicted it would."

The modeling approach is more difficult with the cell because of the great complexity of the living system. Not only are there hundreds of chemical processes taking place concurrently, but they are governed by "feed-back" controls that set the levels of the various chemicals. And the system is able to grow, reproducing itself by division into two new "daughter" cells, which grow in turn. The web of chemical processes, of drives and counter-drives, is life manifest, the "wild spark" natural philosophers used to talk about.

Davison's approach to the problem was direct as is his philosophy. He considered only 10 of the many known chemical reactions in the system (the cell's control circuit) and issued the following instructions to the computer program:

These reactions into a system that behaves like a living cell, growing, dividing when it doubles in size, and, as an outcome, there was no information available on the amounts of the various chemicals involved in these reactions (biochemists only understood their names) the computer had to search for them, an enormous task given the possibilities.

Using a sophisticated search technique (apparently called the Monte Carlo method, Davison duly named the computer at the University of Toronto though that name of possibilities for two years before settling at a working cell model. Electric circuits of metal and glass were finally made to simulate the stuff of life within the cell.

It was a system held together by opposing chemical pressures in which the same way as a house of cards is maintained by opposing pressures. The computer model was built thought of in these terms — a towering construction of cards, thin and delicate reaching to the ceiling.

Davison then began to poke and probe the model to test its sensitivity. He wanted to know what kinds of upsets it could absorb and still go on living. Using computer language, he did a number of things to the model such as giving it an overdose of radiation, reducing the level of some vital chemical, increasing the level of another. Almost every change caused the structure to collapse into a disordered heap representing a breakdown of the complex system of balances — cell death.

There were some changes, however, that did not "kill" the computer model.

"Instead of dying," says Davison, "the cell swept through a transitional stage and emerged in a new state of balance that was 10 times larger and grew five times faster than the normal cell. Large, robust and distinguished by rapid growth — a had all the earmarks of a tumor cell."

Instead of picking up in a disordered heap, the cards fell into a rigid and more stable form, less vulnerable to destruction — a new structure of the original structure.

Putting into the molecular workings of the cell model, Davison identified what had gone wrong. "The cell transformed because of an increase in the production of messenger-RNA (ribonucleic acid)," he says. "This chain-like molecule transports messages from the genes on how to put proteins together, substances vital to the growing process." The startling result tended to verify what many scientists already suspected to be one of the causes of cancer, and lent instant credence to the computer model.

Whether or not Davison's work is the long-awaited breakthrough in cancer research is a question that biologists from Cambridge in Britain and Princeton and Berkeley in the United States will try to resolve by testing the predictions of the model in the laboratory. If it is a true model, and this seems likely, then scientists can focus their attention on ways of attacking this deadly cancerous messenger-RNA production. To succeed at this would be one long step toward the elimination of cancer as a threat to human life.



# FREEDOM IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

By Myrna Kostash

June and I work in the same office. But there the similarity in our situation ends. I am a mother, without children, and work on two different shifts. June is a divorcee with three children, accustomed to one office and one household. I am called an associate producer and take home \$400 every two weeks; she is called an assistant to the studio administrator and takes home \$200. The differences show up in work style too. No one is going to show me out for coming in at ten, taking two-hour lunch breaks and leaving at four. June's job would be in jeopardy. When we go out for lunch, she usually has her watch every 10 minutes. Office staff is expendable.

Office routines irritate people with the boss. Soluble assistants of the pecking order: Despicable. Do this, do that, hurry, hurry, hustle. The girls: Swears, love, honey. I sit in my corner and think of all the advantages for having altered me a place in the intelligence. The privileges are sweet.

And I suppose my kind of job is what the North American women's movement had in mind when, starting with Betty Friedan, it urged women to quit their homes and go out into the world of "real" work and the pay cheque. Nobody can knock the pay cheque. It has liberated millions of women from the servitude and isolation of housework by which we are bonded to one man in exchange for services. Wage work means economic independence and provides the chance to work with others.

But the kind of work that feminists had in mind was not just menial women's or flat, and up-dang, secretarial, clerical, sales, lunch room, wait-please. They were talking about the kind of work that is in fact only available to a tiny percentage of working women. Women's work in this society is menial, undervalued and devalued — look at who does what in a bank, an Arts and Sciences Faculty office, a Kmart 745 — and it corresponds precisely with the myths that women are physically, emotionally and intellectually incapable of working any other way. Very real.

Nonetheless, June's job in the office is her version of the great escape. From going sherry at home, from being lonely within four walls, from the tedious routine of housework. Maybe it isn't the job she dreamed of when she was a girl, but, as women's jobs go, she feels lucky. "I wanted to be a nurse, but my parents told me they could only afford one more year of school for me after high school and they thought I should have a guide. It was absolutely out of the question that I go to university. Getting a trade and being self-supporting was the most important thing. So the best they could do for their children was to put them out into the world able to take care of themselves. I resented that because I really wanted to go to university. I ended where I didn't want to be a secretary."

"I grew up with kids who had more money than we did. I was in the commercial class in high school; they were in the Latin class. These kids' parents had administrative degrees. If you're intelligent, you make a lot of money, it seems to me. If you're poor, all your mental energy goes to figuring



out how to make ends meet. That's where all your goes, and I don't want it to go that way."

The year before I came to the Film Board I had been divorced and hadn't been working. Before that, I had had several jobs. Then I decided to get a job again and worked as the secretary for the owner of a small textile factory. I made about \$125 a week. It was very depressing. My boss made everyone feel like peasants. I hated that. Even if a woman got just looking a pin to a dress, she's still a person. One morning I came in, typed a letter of resignation, left it on the desk and walked out, thinking, God, where am I going to get money now?

The Film Board was convenient to get in. And I noticed it had a theatre, big glass doors, and it had carpet on the floor. I thought, this looks like a nice place to work at. I planned the person who was interviewing me and I looked nice, pleasant, kind. I got the job as secretary for the executive producer of the Television Studio. Fantastic, I'll be right there. I had this vision of myself slapping a three pad and clearing all our cameras and wires into a TV studio. Ha!

In other jobs, I was used to seeing Mister this, Mister that all the time. Even the cashiers were Mister. I was always just June. But in the office they don't worry as much about the office staff playing the proper role. All they're interested in is the results. Just the fact that we all call each other by first names is a big thing. No more Mister. I had this job right away. I liked the work I was doing, the scripts I was typing up, the films I heard discussed. I remember several more years. Even the latest I typed up were amazing. And I had a place where I belonged.

But no matter which way I juggle it, I'm always short. Rent, food, raising the car. I need at least \$115 every two weeks just for my family to live. When the car breaks down, I have to borrow from my father to pay the repair bills. I'm always behind. I have two charge accounts which are up to the limit. Somehow, every pay cheque, I've managed to get away \$25. Even if we don't eat, that money gets put aside because this summer I'm going to Europe on it.

"Sure, I work sometimes I was a single woman. That I could take off and do whatever I want. But I like when I've got my family and our little house. I've found up. An interesting job. Meeting people. And I've done it all myself."

The contradictions inherent in the situation of women right now in Ontario. On the one hand, we are being told to "liberate" ourselves through wage work. Most women who try that end up in a menial position or at a better one, a pariah carrying far less than men and calling their supervisors Mister. Hardly a liberating experience. On the other hand, women can stay at home, but going just once often means we end up letting the kids and begging our husbands for pin money. June, in a way, has found a working compromise. Since work she must, she at least needs it to be worthy of her time and intelligence. In her terms. And maybe she's what liberating work is about.

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# THE JOYS OF COLLECTING: IN A PINCH, YOU CAN ALWAYS SELL IT

By Barrie Hale

In these uncertain days there is a kind of art collecting going on that more surely tempt the most frantically visual specialists than the literary specialists. It is typified by the sale of Jackson Pollock's *Blue Peter*—a large, landmark painting in the history of abstract-expressionism and indeed in all of modern art. *Blue Peter* went to the Australian National Gallery in 1973 for two million dollars, sold by the American art collector Ian Haller. Haller bought it in 1956, the year of Pollock's death, for \$32,000; his sale to Australia represents an appreciation in value of some 6,200%. Not bad.

Of course there is more to collecting than this. An Australian journalist asked Douglas Dunn, an American artist and *New Yorker's* art critic, if Dunn thought the price Australia had paid was too high, no, Dunn said, it wasn't high enough—and he was right, because there is no ultimate price for the irreplaceable. When the sale was announced, Haller was the wonder how to convince of owners who come to very good-bye to the painting. Once the sale was accomplished he was a troubled man—there was that huge empty space on his apartment wall and all anybody wanted to talk about was the two million dollars, not the painting itself.

As a somewhat more modest collector of art for the past decade, I can sympathize with Haller. Even though nobody has offered me two million dollars for one of the pictures I own, and nobody is likely to, for various reasons. They are all by living artists, for one thing—I think they're all alive; sometimes, live at a party, it is hard to tell. They are still by artists who are still relatively young (35 to 45, most of them) and they are mostly all by American artists. Hence, most of them lack the sought-after qualifications for speculative appreciation in dollar value—documented international popularity, transnational supply due to the death of the artist, or, failing that, the distinction of having been made by an artist nearly at the end of a long career of solo.

But I am as deeply involved in it as Haller, apart from the disparity in financial wherewithal. I do know what saying good-bye to a picture is like. At one time or another half a dozen of my pictures have gone out on loan to public galleries and museums. The fact that I tend to get uneasy about the importance of the pictures I own is beside the point; I will be without my big John Mandrill for about 10 months, and that's a wrench, damn it. There is a great, responsible excitement on my wall. The first time I loaned the thing out it had hung in my bedroom and I remember the effect then was of months of disquieting awkwardness, as if one of my bedrooms walls had been blown away, and some of my life strategy as well.

The thing that binds me most to Haller, I think, is our apparent contemporary concern. I don't know how much about his collection but I do know that he recently paid \$340,000 for a Jasper Johns. He appears to be distinct from that ilk of collectors who acquire, say, an exquisite little Matisse collection—cultural tokens, in other words, no admittance to art history's collection that there is no risk what-



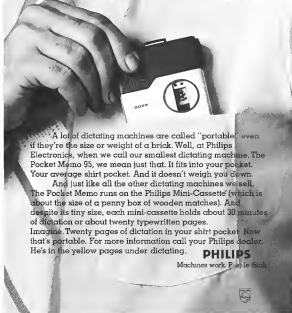
soever in their ownership. There is a great element of risk in collecting contemporary art; you embrace for your own something that is going on right now, which usually means there will be some gulf between it and the stuff you learned about in school and heard discussed at your parents' dinner table.

Most of the collectors I know are around my age or a little older (35 to 45, again) and most of them, by means of the art they collect, have made a clear break with their origins. Once they buy and continue to buy contemporary art they may find themselves both in the eyes of family, friends and peers, or, as they pass over art criticism for some rationale to justify their actions, both in the eyes of those whose business it is to evaluate the new. Against this, all we have is a growing sense that we are approaching that brief perception of surpassing ideal beauty that all art has always been about, but, in our case, it is embodied particularly in the art of our time and place. What that costs, and what it is worth, is still without measure, 6,200% appreciation or not.

You get into the game by getting your name on the mailing list of a bunch of galleries, going to the exhibitions as they come up, and keeping your eyes open. The obvious steps, during which one must buy something, anything, comes quickly, and realizing the size is led for your health. Two years ago, I hung around too long in front of a Michael Snow drawing, I liked it very much, knew I could buy it on time, intended to buy it, yet I vacillated, looking the show over for other things I couldn't afford. Finally, I was pushed aside by somebody else who had bought the thing behind my back. It was a growing-up experience. I am only somewhat withering indignantly distant *scholarship* squanders of course afterwards. Now, when I am thinking of buying, I check out the work before it is shown formally, if I can.

Some people collect exhibition posters and notices to watch the same way that Scott Fitzgerald collected dinner invitations—in an index of place in a bright new world there for the taking, if you are good enough. And part of collecting contemporary art is like that; all collectors are to a certain extent self-regarding members of a club made all the more exclusive by the fact that most people are only slowly aware that it is there at all. There is a limit to this. It is called mortality, and all efforts to transcend the boundary soon findered education, people do not own the Arthur M. Katz Memorial Gallery because of the wisdom, courage and wit—when embodied in the life story of Arthur Katz, they go there to look at his pictures. In a way, this is unfair—wisdom and courage, among other things, are exactly what Katz had going for him when he first bought those pictures, long before the rest of us caught up with him and began to procure their rest when, if he hadn't collected them—battered them, graced them—they might have been scattered or perhaps lost, and so, in a very real sense, collectors of contemporary art hold the future in trust for the less adventuresome or the less fortunate. Those of us who are good at it do, anyway, and a self of the hope for the rest of good days.

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# Stelco boosts capacity of Canada's largest steel plant to record 6 million tons



Left—Stelco's concern for the environment is expressed by the spending to date on conserving 47 million litres of water to improve air and water quality. At Hilton Works atmospheric cleaners reduce air pollution, reducing emissions to acceptable levels.



Below—One of the new mill facilities at Stelco's Hilton Works as a mill wall will add substantially to the total production of hot products.



Stelco, Canada's foremost steelmaker, has consistently increased steel output to meet the burgeoning demand of Canadian industry. In fact, the past twenty years has seen a quadrupling of production at Hilton Works in Hamilton, Ontario, widely regarded as one of the world's most efficient steel plants. Since 1966, at a cost of approximately \$400 million, Stelco has been engaged in expanding and renovating the facilities at Hilton Works to bring the plant's capacity up to 6 million tons of steel per year. This major project is now in its final phase.

The intensive activity at Hamilton is only one facet of Stelco's current expansion program, which is underscored in Canadian industrial history. Other major projects are located in Conception Bay, P. Q., Northern Ontario, Edmonton, Welland, Burlington and the north shore of Lake Erie. The stage has been set for a doubling of Stelco's steel production capabilities by the 1990's.

At present, there is a tight steel supply situation throughout the world. Canada needs more steel than is now produced domestically. Stelco is working vigorously to build that need.

Left—Stelco's Hilton Works has the greater melting pot capacity. The new, low alloy top-fired 2400 tonnes hot capacity gas being replaced by two 2000" P and 2000" P is preparing for hot rolling.



- The Hilton Works expansion and modernization program:
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  - ☐ innovations in blast furnace technology
  - ☐ greater soaking pit capacity
  - ☐ new bloom and billet mill
  - ☐ complete conversion of rod mill to bar production
  - ☐ major modification of second rod mill
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  - ☐ complete modernization of annealing furnaces
  - ☐ modifications to plate and strip mills

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# ALL THAT GLITTER IS DEFINITELY GOLD

By Ray Magladay

Gold ore drive west and the moon now in progress is the gold-mining market of the world bears witness to that. The price of gold took off from \$30 an ounce three years ago and after much zigzagging and zigzag almost hit \$200 an ounce at the turn of this year. In the process, financial records and ordinary folk were transformed from skeptics about its value in an investment into complete converts, a first-time, whoop-de-do market can do that. There are thousands of people buying gold now, showing into a market that once was the preserve of the gnomes of Zurich, mysterious international speculators and the traditional gold hoarders of the Middle and Far East.

From the 1930s until just a few years ago, the price of gold steadily moved from \$35 an ounce, the official U.S.-pegged price. Most people thought gold in an investment was a dead duck. But now, even Canadians who have not been known as gold hoarders are learning quickly about the joys of owning chunky gold bars, wafers and hairpin coils. The new gold rush is being an effort on those who don't care a whit about it as an investment. A Toronto dentist I know slowly cures the gold market each time he has to talk to a patient about the need for a gold cap or bridge work. "I had to tell a patient recently that a second bridge would cost \$600, up \$200 from the tab on the first job." Dental gold has jumped from under \$100 an ounce to more than \$220. Jewelry-makers are feeling the impact too. One jeweler says even his well-heeled customers run eye brows at the new price; one gold bracelet he sells kept from \$350 to \$550 is now gone.

The commercial uses of gold — in jewelry, dentistry, electronics, the decorative arts — are growing, but that didn't send the price rocketing up by more than 300% in the past three years. That job was done by speculators and hoarders who buy it because they think the price will rise or because they think their wealth will be safer in gold than in bank deposits or other investments.

The dedicated gold bug feel that it is all that stands between them and a world in economic chaos. They blame governments for causing inflation ("debauching" the currency) in order to finance welfare and other social programs. They claim to foresee hyperinflation in Japan, imminent financial crises, a general loss of confidence in ordinary money, deep depression, social disaster and the advent of dictators. Doomsday, in other words. Gold is a solution; they argue, because through the world's long history of money troubles gold has always emerged as a form of wealth. Plenty of currencies have failed and been replaced.

One of the more interesting, and rational, gold advocates, Dr. Harry Schiff of Amsterdam, forecasts another price increase for gold this year — a rise of 30% to 35%. Schiff is a very, dark, mustachioed American who published an investment-advice letter out of London for 11 years but recently fled to Amsterdam because he thought his letters were on the brink of collapse (thanks to banks, securities and



the decline of English interests). He gives personal financial consultations for \$1,000 an hour.

The fun I found (nervously) when a financial writer knocked on his door. Over a club sandwich recently, Schiff let me in on the bad news for the rest of this year, inflation in western countries will gallop along (Canada's will be 17%), several major bankruptcies and bank failures will occur in some countries, there will be higher unemployment, Britain will sink right out of sight in a morass of economic woe. The U.S. will founder like a ship without a skipper, Canada will continue to look as good as nothing, which will be pretty bad, the stock market will revive but only temporarily, and gold, beautiful gold, eventually will take off again for \$250 an ounce — "It could go higher, and hit \$300."

Schiff is a moderate fellow in comparison with other peddlers of gloom who are frantically peddling money in the streets before next Christmas. The gold bugs, if you listen to them, will scare the hell out of you, and that's the idea — without fear in the marketplace, there can be no profit for the gold prophets.

But I must admit that there is a glimmer of truth in their pessimism. It is a fact that our dollar (the 1961 Canadian dollar, the one used as a standard in the consumer price index) was worth \$1.72 at the end of the Second World War and will now buy only 57 cents worth of goods. It is also a fact that the U.S. dollar is no longer the supreme medium of exchange in the world it once was. And according to a Gallup Poll last year, 51% of Canadians expect a depression. You are entitled to worry a little. And if you insist on buying gold as a hedge against disaster you can go to a bank or jewellery store and buy gold bars and wafers that range in size from an ounce up to 400 ounces, you can buy gold coins from a coin dealer or a bank, you can speculate in gold via the Winnipeg Commodity Exchange, or you can buy the shares of gold mining companies or the shares of a silver gold mine means profitable mining. Some of these prospects are definitely hazardous for the beginner because the price of gold goes up and down like a yo-yo. It would be safest to stick to gold bars and wafers, and to the shares of Canadian gold mining companies.

But don't get mixed up in the gold craze. A huge amount of gold is now held by speculators and hoarders. What happens if it all decides to sell? If you had most of your assets in gold in a market panic you would be burned under as avalanche of falling prices. The currently soaring gold price rests firmly on the assumption that nobody will spend the fee by selling — a shaky assumption.

And real though our economic problems are, I think we may hang along for a while yet. To believe in disaster strikes me as unhealthy, then is something appalling about squandering away money in a chase of metal, gleaning in predictions of Armageddon and plotting over one's elbows if making preparations for it. No thanks. My ship goes down on the side of organized society, for better or worse

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# YOUR VIEW

## Money down the drain/ Compulsory mis-education/Womanly art of self-defense

Walter Stewart's timely attack against the dismal record of economic *Hard Times But Not Rock Bottom* (Doubleday), correctly argues that the present situation cannot simply be exported to 1929. But he leaves his argument against severe depression on some questionable grounds. Perhaps most importantly he appears to assume that the great collapse of Black Thursday ended the depression rather than that the collapse simply ignited already evident depression conditions. Through most of the Twenties the side of profit had been deflating excess capacity had been increasing alarmingly and the rate of investment was only half of its prewar average.

The point to be made about the seriousness of the current situation lies elsewhere than in the steady decline of the market. For example, the liquidity crisis — the crisis between debt and liquid assets — has declined from well over 70% after World War II to less than 10% today. Thus it requires only a very limited cut in demand to set off hardship and this is especially so in the smaller or manufacturing, an industry which is the backbone of the North American economy. Finally it needs to be pointed out that a rise in profits is usually a sign of coming trouble. If the rate of profit increases then the rate of investment must increase. Not only is this unlikely in a mature industrial economy but when it happens rapidly the necessary equilibrium between investment and consumer goods comes unbalanced and the economy suffers serious dislocation. All of these

problems are compounded — as Stewart hints at — by the mitigation of the European and Japanese economies, thus creating serious trade conflicts that have plagued Western economies in the past.

Stewart may be quite right in arguing that the coming hard times will be less severe than the dirty Thirties but it might also be true — and one would hope so — that the tolerance to government and corporate perversity will be much less.

DAVE PHILLIPS MCMAISTER  
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, GUNT

## Streaming the kids

Two studies by Heather Robertson in the January issue of *Marvin's* deserve careful consideration. The first of these about Torrey Douglas is an introductory page is nothing less than disgusting. Here we have Heather, a relatively unknown person, writing in a most patronizing manner about one of Canada's most distinguished writers. Disappointed for many reasons including political naivete, social reforms and an almost unrelieved sense of humor. It reminds me of the thrice trying to plagiarize the text.

In her article on schools, Heather's attitude seems to have been based on the fact that one teacher once had the temerity to teach her. Apparently she has listed all schools and all teachers ever after that terrible result.

This apparent hostility leads her to making statements that are misleading because she confuses causes and effects. For instance, she accuses the

schools of segregating children into bright and "dumb" groups. She forgets that Mother Nature is the one really to blame since in any selected group of beginners something like 25% will experience serious difficulties with the school program whatever its nature.

NEWMARKET, LONDON, ONT

Heather Robertson's piece on the public education system (*Marvin's* January) would have us believe that the purpose of the system is the segregation, classification, stratification of people so that each of us ends up where he belongs in society's structure. She displays a naïveté common among cognitivists who comment upon education when she concludes that this must be the deliberate purpose because this is what is happening.

In every school there are some teachers who set the kids as targets for abuse. There are more a few schools where these teachers are a majority. Without these, it would be evident that Heather's thesis comes near to the facts. It would be evident the schools destroy more than create.

KEVIN KENNEDY, FACULTY OF EDUCATION,  
UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

## Women without men

When the glorious day comes when Myra Douglas's concentrated efforts to fall in love with another woman are successful and her "fingering" for man is finally overcome, what will be the next step? It is obvious, of course! Since we'll no longer need men to satisfy our lust, we'll not have to keep a low of the lawfare enclaves around to assist in the removal of the female race, and the rest of them can be killed off!

CHARLOTTE MARLIN, BIRMINGHAM, ALA

## Appraising Cutler

Your December issue was one of the best yet. I was especially stirred by Cutler's Last Stand by May Cutler. Her article was so true that it almost makes one embarrassed to be a Canadian. When we Canadian people go to come to life? Canadians must be the most apathetic people in the world.

I was very pleased to see *Marvin's* print such an article. It probably



Great Democracy tried to deal with pressing problems from his balcony at the Grinn Palace

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### YOUR VIEW / continued

won't shake many people up though. The Canadian attitude seems to be not to disrupt the status quo. People of Canada were security, they were their jobs so much more than they are. They want to control their entire life span to their own small worlds and the technological comforts that they can purchase with a down payment from their paychecks.

Keep up the good work, Macdonald, and don't give up hope. Mrs. Cudler.

R. K. YOUNG, VANCOUVER

The problem, Mrs. Cudler, is that you are ahead of your time.

Canada is yet a nation of former farmers, loggers and mining miners.

We will weed gardens, chat with neighbours and avoid children's toys and knives.

Armchair philosophizing is the province of our intellectual schlockers. They are not yet enough hard, university educated degrees to make you a financial success.

Since day you will be recognized. And Canada will, through remembrance, reflect as the early days when she was pregnant and happy.

MRS. MARGARET ANNE, LONDON, ONT.

### Masons for peace

In his article, *Margaret Pryor Worlby Thinks To The South Sea* (December), Philip Marchand makes this statement: "... the American networks made programs like *Guany My Way* and *The Flying Nun* which humiliated and degraded the Catholic Church in a far greater degree than any rabid books of Transmunion or Organisms."

I find I strongly object to Mr. Marchand's expression, "any rabid heretic of Transmunion," which according to the dictionary can be interpreted as "any farcical, violent, unconvincing, or misleading going or group of Transmunion." What authority has Marchand for casting such aspersions on members of the Masonic Order?

I would suggest to him that if the words and paragraphs of Transmunion were authored by anyone, the opposite of peace and harmony in the world would be virtually unknown.

E. LEAH FINE, AMSTERDAM, ONT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO MACKINAC MAGAZINE, Your View, 881 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A2.



# Managing Metric

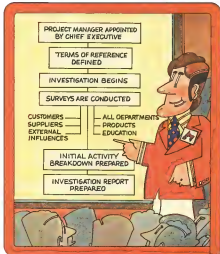
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# THE CONDOMINIUM CONUNDRUM

Some housing solutions are less perfect than others  
BY WALTER STEWART

When Gord and Kit Coleman moved into a condominium apartment, they thought their troubles were over. They had escaped the gripes of house-owning with horrendous mortgages, pliggish sales (asking more, giving less and breaking fences, they had left behind the top of apartment rent, which month after month they kept paying out money and month after month it disappeared, leaving a true trace behind in a house, you own something, a build up equity, you are a person of property, even if the mortgage and the taxes and repairs are a constant drain. In an apartment you own nothing, and you never know when the rent is going to be raised, or by how much, or whether you will be turned out from the cold.

But a condominium is something else. You buy it, just as you would a house, except that the price is lower and the down payment much smaller. You know what you will be getting every month and don't expect any more, even in the teeth of inflation. Your home increases in value as the housing market rises as you are building up equity all the time. Yet there is no reason for you to shovel the garbage to take no loans to cut — all that is looked after by the condominium management. Heaven.

Then why are Gord and Kit Coleman sitting in the living room of their Scarborough Ontario apartment complaining about condominiums? Why have they called in their neighbours' friends and fellow agitators in a newly formed condomen homeowners' association to join the bickering, to organize the complaints to make sure that nothing is left out?

Because the theory and practice of condominiums dwelling in Canada are not always the same. In theory the condominium is the answer to the housing crisis, the bright pathway to the future.

In practice, well, listen to Kit Coleman for a moment. "The bloody place drives me crazy. It was built like a matchbox, and there is no privacy, no privacy at all. If you knock on the wall like this [knocking] they can hear you are floor down and on floor up. When the people upstairs turn the TV on we get the program. When you flush the toilet, people all over the building say, 'Oh the Colemans just flushed the toilet.' And if

relegation, and their complaints, better understood than most, sum up the views of at least half of the condominium dwellers I interviewed.

The moving I got — from politicians, planners, condominium owners, indeed from almost everyone except the developers who are anxious to unload new condominiums on to and the apartment owners who are anxious to make a bundle by converting their second units to condominiums — comes down to this: condominiums make more sense than high-rise apartments; they are more pronounced than single-family dwellings in their use of space and resources, but they are frequently plagued with short-run problems reflecting the greed, stupidity and selfishness of some developers and with long-run problems common to all forms of high-density living.

At best, they are not a long-term solution to the housing crisis; they are merely a convenient stopping-off place for young (probably childless) couples who are waiting to accumulate enough capital to buy a house, and for older folk waiting to retire or the — "the newly wed and newly dead" of real estate jargon.

In Canada's ethnic housing market, the difference between being one of the masters and one of the slaves is the price of a down payment, for now, because of its economic advantage, the condominium is a good place to raise that down payment. And that's all. The point is worth underlining, because so much of recent housing policy, both in the private sector and at the government level, has been aimed at encouraging the growth of condominiums, and particularly high-rise condominiums (which are cheaper than town houses). The ceilings on National Housing Act

The Coleman's Scarborough home is in one of the dozens of condominiums I visited in a six-week, cross-country investigation.

Walter Stewart is an associate editor of Maclean's and author of the recently published book, *Hard To Swallow*.







# WHEN IT RAINS, THEY RINW

once, but often, and the builder helped deliver part of one of many repair bills. One winter, up on the 19th floor, had \$1,000 worth of moulding wrecked—and that had to be replaced. The garage door didn't work, and they still don't part of the same. "Every time it rains," according to Jan Brand, "you can see in the basement." And it costs about \$1,000 a year to maintain an inadequately designed cable TV system.

Complaining to the condominium's board of directors (like any corporation, each condominium has such a board) didn't help. At first, they were the developer's messengers, and when the developer moved out and went on to work his wooden cleavage, the new directors elected from the owners' ranks simply didn't know enough to run the place efficiently. It took three years from 1981 to late 1984 for a governing council to come to its heels. Then a homeowners' association was formed, a new board of directors elected and the condominium dwellers took over their own destiny. They can't do, of course, do anything about modern deficiencies, such as the main problem: Kit Coleman complains about it, but they can act quickly on complaints, and they can, in the fullness of time, get rid of the old management contract.

In many, of course, they have had to give up the idea that what they were buying was a hotel, with all home amenities, and they have had to sacrifice there and privacy. Good Coleman, who asks nothing more of an owner than to be allowed to buy his house otherwise in a plan of resale, and a volume of French-related books himself, has done it, and he's not alone. It wasn't what he had in mind.

Of course, for some people, the necessity of community involvement, the thrill of the owner as a player, the high drama of a stalled elevator or flooded basement, are part of the joys of condominium life. Jean-Pierre Dumas, president of the BC Association of Home Corporations (also known as the BC Condominium Association), says in his book, "The Best Reason for moving into a condominium development is the interest and desire to belong to a community. If you want to bring up your children in an atmosphere of cooperation, the condominium is as close to the national ideal as we're going to get.... My respect your neighbors, and they respect you, this is a pretty good place to live." Even if you want to be a little standoffish, there are advantages in having others around. One Vancouver resident told me, "There are a lot of

people in this building I wouldn't want to make friends with and they probably resent the complaint, but it's nice to know they're there."

If that is an advantage in condominium dwelling, then there is another: the condominium provides all the facilities of apartment living — if that's your bag — with the opportunity to own

**"IF YOU SEE A BIT OF DIRT, YOU RUB IT OFF. IN A RENTED PLACE, YOU WOULD KICK THE THING"**

your own place, a pleasure to sleep it out alone, be called "municipal councillor" three, two, quarters from condominium owners in Ontario. "It is an uncomfortable feeling to be getting a little older and to think, 'Somebody I'm going to retire and the rent will be doubled,'" and "While you are making for the elevator, if you see a little bit of dirt you rub it off. In a rented place, you would kick the thing."

So there is a place for the condominium, but it is a limited one and the drawback to the current emphasis on the form of dwelling is that it diverts too much energy and too many resources to a solution that applies to only a fraction of the people. Most Canadians, as Matthews noted, still want to own their own house, most believe that it is possible to bring home ownership within reach (for example, by underestimating speculation and profiteering on land).

The condominium was supposed to bring down housing prices, instead, condominium prices have soared, the apartment spots, and now they too will be out of the reach of most Canadians. When Good Coleman bought his place in 1971, anyone with an annual income of \$8,000 could qualify for the mortgage, at today's market value of \$40,000, it would need an income of about \$18,000 to obtain financing.

There are other problems too, problems common to every form of high-density dwelling. Vancouver lawyer and economist Peter Hyndman told the Vancouver Star, "It always is two what will his wife, 'Good news, dear, I bought as a condominium today.' She smiles. 'That's our dream, but I think I'll stay on the job.' Which is to say that the condominium is an even faster institutionalized and fearfully misapplied

from the sharp knives of developers, and several provinces are now in the process of removing their legislation to close down high-rise. It is even possible that black developers who take over existing apartment buildings and throw the tenants out in Montreal's case Royal View apartments were recently purchased by a group that wants to tear the place down and put up a high-rise. Lewis Parker of the Montreal Gazette wondered about the sense of tearing down one set of dwelling units to put up another, and developer Tim Lake said too, "The economics of a property is not what it was, now but what's going up." Montreal's lackluster municipal administration doesn't seem to care about such problems, other cities do. In Vancouver, municipal control prohibited apartment conversion without the consent of tenants, the developers are busy working around the law by selling, not the apartment but a 99-year lease on it, and advising tenants to buy or get out. The lawmakers are still working on that one (Tremblay had better luck in Winnipeg, there the only major conversion attempt to date was stopped dead by a provision of the provincial Landlord and Tenant Act that gives tenants a right to renew their lease. A number of them did, and the developer couldn't sell enough units to make the project worthwhile.)

Looky, looky, it's hard, looky, looky, how can be avoided. What is more disturbing is the way the condominium concept seems to have taxed the energies and sapped the imagination of city policy makers. In the past 12 months, beyond a superficial budgetary analysis is out on the top on building materials, a tax shelter for an annual \$1,000 savings toward the down payment for first-time home buyers approved funding to help a small income landlord with their mortgage, there has been no attempt to come to grips with Canada's housing crisis. There has been, instead, the fear-mongering condominium, and even that is moving out of reach with inflation. The underlying net solutions, including land speculation and high and rising charges for services, labor and mortgage loans, are not touched by the proliferation of condominiums.

I heard the same terrible tale in Vancouver, Calgary, and Winnipeg. They come back, though, what is the tale, what will his wife, "Good news, dear, I bought as a condominium today." She smiles. "That's our dream, but I think I'll stay on the job." Which is to say that the condominium is an even faster institutionalized and fearfully misapplied

# STREET FIGHT AT TREFANN COURT

How federal bureaucrats shot down the hopes of an old neighborhood

BY GRAHAM FRASER



Three years ago when the idea that a neighborhood could remain its own fiefdom was becoming more and more widely promoted and even he added, Trefann Court was a symbol and a dream for urban working-class areas across Canada.

It was a symbol of resistance, home-owners and tenants in a downtown Toronto neighborhood had organized, with the help of community workers, and had blocked the original plan to bulldoze their homes. It was also a symbol of city participation not only had the tenants stopped something, they had managed to have an effective say in the replanning of their area. After two years of meetings, they had succeeded, with the help of a city planner, in producing a plan that seemed to be a way of the impossible as possible and, when new owners were necessary, made sure they fitted into the area and would be available to people from the area.

Now, three years later the dream is dead. Almost nothing that the Trefann Court plan called for has been done. What little new housing has been built has stood empty for months. The working community — residents, area businessmen, city politicians and officials — no longer exists. The people of Trefann

are people from the area. From 1970 to 1972, while all this was going on, Trefann Court represented a dream much bigger than itself: that people in all working-class neighborhoods could and would have some real power over the way their cities shape their lives. Instead of accepting the arbitrary decisions of anonymous officials, they would be able to work with all levels of government to ensure that low-cost housing actually met people's needs. In short, that urban renewal would come to mean more than mindless experimentation.

Now, three years later the dream is dead. Almost nothing that the Trefann Court plan called for has been done. What little new housing has been built has stood empty for months. The working community — residents, area businessmen, city politicians and officials — no longer exists. The people of Trefann

Court now feel angry and betrayed, or gloomily resigned to hanging on to the bits that's left. The population of the area, about 1,300 before urban renewal was encountered, dropped at one point to about 800. It has since risen a bit in some of the old houses have been sold privately at prices nobody in the area could afford, renovated, and new use conceived by the city and wealthy.

I say that with some bitterness, because two years ago I wrote a book entitled *Fighting Back* about the planning process in Trefann Court, and I believed in that dream. I concluded that it would be extraordinarily difficult, but nevertheless crucial, for neighborhoods to elect some Canada to make the dream come true. And, to the extent that I helped perpetuate the myth of Trefann

Graham Fraser covers municipal politics for the Globe and Mail.







# THERE ARE SOME ORIENTAL GENIUS LEMME HERE TO SEE US

They wish to make a small barrier: their money for our resources

BY PAUL GRESCOE

The women in identical blue skirts and jackets sit at computer control panels in the Osaka headquarters of C. Itoh, a colonial Japanese trading company, running terms of ministerial agreement for the sale of yellow cornmeal. They talk it to determine which country has the world's best investment climate and the stock, currently, in Canada.

For C. Itoh and other Japanese multinational giants that mean we have the resources they need in easily accessible, recent and comparatively placid petroleum (not Wagonway, no military crops — just Den Barrell).

Last spring, after the world energy crisis flared and frightened the vulnerable Japanese, C. Itoh hurriedly assembled a Canada Project Task Force, a coordinating group of 25 full-time specialists and 15 consultants who analyze investment possibilities in this country. They've quickly identified the chance potential projects the Alberta for energy development (in which the company hopes to invest with Sun Oil) and Quebec's gargantuan James Bay hydro scheme (where they're one of four Japanese trading companies expecting to invest their share of the natural and formula bonuses that will follow the power development). C. Itoh is now the major shareholder in two British Columbia ventures and a minority partner in three Quebec companies, a joint mill, a steel-making plant, and Roba Brothers Clothing, a garment manufacturer.

What's particularly interesting about all this is that C. Itoh is only the third largest Japanese trader — and in three major companies (Mitsubishi, Fuyo and Sanwa) are just as deeply involved in investing their money in Canada's resources. They said in late half a dozen other Japanese trading with offices in major Canadian cities represent an important new foreign investment force — a force that could eventually negate the nature of American capital in Canada.

For the moment, the Japanese offer us a beguiling alternative. They unlike the Americans, bring to their money but not

their lifestyle, even if the Japanese get involved in Alberta oil with a vengeance, it's hard to imagine they'd try to turn Calgary into a Tokyo West.

Yet other firms remain in Brazil Colombia, which so far in the headhunting of the Japanese financial situation, politicians are understandably nervous. The NDP's Doug Stewart once said Japan's policy is "to do economically what it couldn't do during the war, and thus to control the resources of the world to meet Japanese needs." He was supposed to be a leader then; now, as BC's premier he has blocked one Japanese company Mitsubishi, from buying Kootenay Forest Products, a timber company.

Estimates of the total Japanese investment in Canada run from \$300 million to more than \$500 million. Admittedly, half a billion dollars sounds terrific, like a prize of size in a wheel-of-fortune competition with other non-American investment firms. West German firms alone own \$140 million worth of Canadian property. But Japanese money has been here for less than 20 years (the first sizable corporate investment was in Bethlehem Copper in 1964). Since 1969 the flow has exploded and it shows little signs of slowing.

Not is Japan the only source of Asian investment: of \$142 million in foreign funds fed into Vancouver real estate last year, nearly 70% came from Southeast Asia. And the \$100 million in Lakeland Park, most of it financed through the money-lenders of Hong Kong — which means that the same angle of the cash is as hard to come by in flow and Hughes' telephone number. This is beginning to be felt outside BC. Gerald Kowloon, a Calgary realtor with a Far Eastern clientele, figures that Toronto (where he has an office) already gets 15% of the Asian action in Canadian real estate, which totals at least \$100 million a year.

Most of the strictly Japanese capital is tied up in real estate projects but some of it also flows into a surprising variety of businesses. Among them are a telephone wire maker, Citicorp Banking

Inc., in Calgary; New Brunswick, a paper manufacturer, YKK Zipper Co. (Canada) Ltd., in Montreal; the new \$20-million Fraser Hotel in Toronto; a grade house builder, Masawa Homes Co. Ltd., in Guelph; Marubeni, a pump assembly factory, Chudown Manufacturing Canada Ltd., in Regina; an offshore oil and gasport oil-drake plant, United Oilfield Products Ltd., in Edmonton; Alfa, and a fishing and sports equipment dealer, Dohs (Canada) Ltd., in Vancouver.

The Japanese also have equity in five Canadian venture-capital firms, and three Japanese banks — Fuji, Matsui and the Bank of Tokyo — have liaison offices here which act as economic eyes and ears for their counterparts (Fuji invested in Boreco Ltd. in 1973).

But the majority of the Japanese corporations involved in Canada are subsidiaries of the trading companies, *zaibatsu*, which have no conventional equivalent in North America. If anything, they're a cross between import-export houses and multinational conglomerates. (They are distinct from the better-known multinationals, household names such as Sony and Honda, both independent companies which are not in all representative of the Japanese business style.) The trading companies act as middlemen, representing Japanese industrial companies in foreign markets. Jun Wulley, a president of Lakehead Farm Industries, Canada's largest cattle feedlot, and Lakehead Packers, which is 20% owned by the largest of the Japanese traders, Mitsubishi, Wulley told me through Mitsubishi he ran get only one cattle market signpost from across the world — information that allows him to make more realistic business deals.

Wulley went in with the Japanese because he considered their country one of the few unopened markets for beef exports. They were not interested in a minority position, he said. "They're very conscious of politics. And aware that in

Paul Grescoe is a Vancouver writer and a contributing editor of *Macleod's*.

It's a popular myth that the Japanese don't seek control of the Canadian companies in which they invest

Canada we're very porous right now." Particularly because of the Foreign Investment Review Act, the business here doesn't making money about co-ordinating on more equitable joint ventures with Canadian companies.

This certainly hasn't been the case up till now. An exclusive report published in 1973 in Japan listed 38 separate Japanese companies operating in Canada, in well over half of them, the Japanese had controlling interest. In more than a third, they were outright owners. The figures clearly belie the common belief that the Japanese resist on coming into Canada as just a junior partner in joint ventures.

I found those figures important to remember when talking to a director of Japanese investment, Keith Hay, an economics professor at Carleton University and a consultant to the Canada-Japan Trade Council, an Ottawa-based lobby of businessmen dedicated to encouraging commerce between the two countries. Hay, a transplanted Englishman who studied here and in the U.S., assured me "I'm more sympathetic than some of my friends." He suggested that by dealing with the Japanese we lessen our dependence on the U.S.

We lessen our dependence on the U.S., but what about Japan? At present there's no way the Japanese government can exert control over Canada. But this could change if we let the Japanese control their pattern of controlling the companies they help finance in Canada. Happily, there are encouraging grounds that both sides are realizing that while we're important to one another (after the U.S., Japan is one of our most trading partners) Canada has some dearth of the swing-line. So far though she has played it like a gambling animal.

Right now, less than 3% of our exports to Japan are manufactured products. In other words, turning the raw material into finished goods means jobs that are not in. Last spring, while discussing the possibility of joint ventures with the Japanese Ontario's Industry Minister Claude Baranoff said: "Our real concern is that more and more raw materials be brought in a semi-finished state before being re-exported." And recently the pro-unionist Ontario Industrial Commission informed the Japanese that it was not interested in their investment in the petrochemical industry unless the processing was done in the province.

In 1973, the BC government proceeded to Ottawa after another trading company, Marubeni, bought a 49% interest in Canmar Packing, a fish-processing company in the province. Canmar also

owned 100 fishing boats between — and fisheries officials don't want foreigners taking over our commercial fishing boats by buying the companies that hold the boat licenses. Jack Davis, who is a government minister, said he would propose that boat licenses be withheld from fish companies with more than 35% foreign equity. But the Fisheries Act was never amended.

All the Japanese businessmen I've met have expressed their willingness to follow any reasonable foreign-control guidelines. Canada demands so there will probably never be a better time to rewrite the ground rules for Japanese participation in our society. As Carleton's Professor Hay once told me in a study for the Canada-Japan Trade Council: "Economic relations are such that Japan is now more dependent than ever on several supplies of commodities. Under these conditions, Canada can use the opportunity to bargain reasonably for higher levels of production, processing, more market access and increased participation in joint ventures."

In late 1973 the Japanese government forbade its money from going into Canadian real estate — because such in-

vestment remains far distant from its Japan. But the restriction hasn't stopped Canadian realtors from courting Japanese investors in the hope that the law will someday be lifted.

Calgary realtor Gerald Kowloon brought 28 Japanese real estate developers to his city during *Weekend Week* last summer and swamped them with western hospitality. Roast beef barbecues, red wine, cowboy music and evening bands — the whole shebang. He had them out all one morning for a commercial from Michael Webb, a Calgary lawyer who also happens to be the national vice-president of the Liberal Party. Webb told them his government's Foreign Investment Review Agency would not likely screen any real estate transactions valued at less than \$30 million. "Land generally is not such a sensitive commodity," he told them, "and I think that the climate for foreign investment in land in Canada will continue to be favorable for a long time."

If the Japanese have very little for our real estate, other *Softland Assets* do. Their money comes through Hong Kong, which as the Switzerland of Asia is the close-mouthed banker for cash





## Vancouver mayor Art Phillips wants the government to reduce the inflow of Asian money to take the pressure off land prices

struggled out of such countries as Thailand and the Philippines continues with weak currencies and strong currency-exchange regulations. The money started pouring into Canada after three weeks of Continental riots shook Hong Kong in 1987, nervous Asian investors decided to shift some of their capital to our calmer political climate a few even emigrated here.

Vancouver is the target of this Asian real estate offensive: all of such foreign investment in the city in 1991, only 7% originated in the U.S., 17% in the United Kingdom and 16% in Germany. Sixty-eight percent arrived from Hong Kong.

What's worrisome about this investment is not its origin but the additional competition it imposes on Canadians. With more buyers bidding against one another in the real estate market, prices naturally rise. A management consultant says for the Greater Vancouver Real Estate Board last year defended foreign investors, but was forced to submit that their competition coupled with their willingness to accept a lower return on their investments has actually helped to bump up the prices of the city's offices and apartment buildings. When the

prices soar, so do the rents — and the study said there was evidence that some foreign investors have raised rents after buying property.

The management consultants confessed too that "to the extent that foreign investors buy developable land or redevelopable property and then hold it instead of building, they may create a scarcity of uses for development." They acknowledged this might be indeed happening in Vancouver.

City alderman Jack Voluck says most Hong Kong money in Vancouver is simply speculating. Certainly one real estate transaction confirms this view. Ark Development, a company owned by Hong Kong financiers, began buying four parcels of strategic downtown land in 1987, then last year doubled its money by selling them in a two-million-dollar package.

Last June at the National Housing Conference in Toronto, Vancouver Mayor Art Phillips summed up the city's case against the uncontrolled foreign capital. "In Vancouver, we are receiving a tremendous amount of money from places like Hong Kong. This money is going into land and is willing to accept a

very low current return. The influx of money from other parts of the world is adding tremendously to the upward trend in land prices in our area. The time has come for governments to take steps to reduce this inflow of foreign capital into land to take some pressure off land prices."

In fact, the federal government has a tool to regulate foreign capital in both our real estate and our natural resources: the Foreign Investment Review Act. The trouble with the act is that it's so fairly worded it's nearly so detrimental to anyone buying Canadian real estate.

It was only after the act was passed that the government published guidelines about what real estate falls within its limits of restrictions, though they aren't legally binding, the guidelines reflect the government's thinking, which is that the act should apply only to a real estate purchase exceeding \$10 million. Even in an inflated economy \$10 million buys a big building or a great deal of land.

The act's regulations on foreign takeovers of Canadian companies are also disturbingly vague, stressing only that the proposed investment should be of "significant benefit to Canada" and will be judged "in terms of its overall compatibility with federal and provincial economic policy objectives." The judge is the Foreign Investment Review Agency which last May, with its first decision, established a peculiar procedure for what companies a take-over of significant benefit to Canada when one American giant company wanted to sell nine of its Canadian subsidiaries to another American company, the agency approved the \$25-million deal with no official explanation.

It will be interesting to see if the act is amended to accommodate Prime Minister Trudeau's election promise to demand Canadian ownership of at least 50% (preferably 60%, of major new resource projects).

A gather and more precisely worded act would clearly set out what for Asian investors (along with the Americans and Europeans and even confused Canadian businessmen) and allow us to welcome unreservedly the right kind of Asian capital — capital that's willing to let us be at least equal partners in business ventures in our own country.

Japan, for sure, would understand why we're doing it. After all, her government has a tough foreign investment policy that rigidly limits the amount of outside equity in the Japanese economy — especially in resource companies ☐

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# TAKING CARE OF ASIAN BUSINESS



It all happened because Albert D. Cohen was on a world tour and the business on his expensive radio ran down after two hours. So where Cohen was in a Tokyo hotel, read about a small Japanese company with a new cassette that he was ripe to try out. When it survived three days of nonstop playing in his hotel room, he arranged to transport 50 of the radios to Canada.

That was in 1955. The Japanese company was Tokyo Techno Kogyo, later to become known by its brand name Sony and last year Cohen's General Distribution of Canada Ltd. sold about \$30 million worth of Sony products.

Cohen the first businessman anywhere to import transistor radios from Japan was so successful in the test-market experiment that Sony was persuaded to deal directly with him, instead of working through the Japanese trading companies that usually handle most of the country's foreign sales. Sony's success in Canada encouraged the company to defy the competition-crushing traders and market its own wares.

Cohen is one of an Winnipeg-born brother now scattered across the country looking after the interests of General Distribution and its subsidiaries, which in 1974 grossed more than \$165 million. The Sony connection generated profits that made possible the acquisition of Metropolitan Stores of Canada Limited, St. John's, in 1975. Winnipeg-based chain co. Western Canada, and three other companies. (A nice twist: it was money earned from Japanese products that enabled the Cohens to return Metropolitan Stores to Canadian hands after 40 years of American ownership.)

Albert and his brother Ben still live in Winnipeg, but Albert travels the world. On one trip, he spent last February, about to become famous for his James Bond novel. The two men corresponded until Fleming's death. Cohen said his one of the book's authors described by the author.

"To Albert D. Cohen, man of action." And on his desk he has that original transistor radio, nearly 20 years later, it's still working. ♦



Vancouver business leader Sherman Dong is quick to deny that Hong Kong involves more to Canada purely for speculative gain. But then, as most men for these wealthy Hong Kong families, he's not exactly impartial.

At 40, Dong looks elegant in his pasty banker's suit and monocle. He says he sold weekly after banking in one of the city's better Chinese restaurants. He had to sell, he was too busy being president of Sherman Investments, a property-management firm and managing director of three development firms controlled by those Chinese families.

Though his debts are regularly reported in Jack Wasserman's *Vancouver Sun* column, Dong claims to crave privacy. He works out of a small rented office in the Georgia, a five-story hotel he bought in 1973 (from its British owner) a year after they had purchased another major hotel, the Georgian Towers. His principals, who include a doctor and an international financier named H. K. Wey, also own other strategic shares of Vancouver, nearly 300 feet of property beyond the Georgia on Howe Street, the heart of the financial district, the corner of Robson and Horley near the site of a provincial government complex, primarily under construction, and a large parking lot under construction across the street from the Hotel Vancouver.

Dong claims his Hong Kong principals as people who just happen to love Canada and eventually want to live here (one family, he says, already does). They're interested only in long-term investments, he insists. Not a speculator among them. Well, okay, between 1967 and 1972 they had bought more than 50,000 square feet of prime downtown land for \$4.5 million and last year — in one of the city's hottest property deals — sold it for one million dollars. But Dong says he regretted the sale and approved it only because the city's building climate had turned sour. ♦



The house, perched high in the British Properties, the enclave of the wealthiest residents of West Vancouver. A white house with matching white linens. Confronted in the driveway (parking) a contrived, plain-colored Cadillac for her husband, seven bedrooms, one a walk-in closet and a walk-in closet wide enough to park a Volkswagen. From the bedroom balcony, a view of the city, 320,000 worth of drubbery in a two-story backyard, one for a heated pool and the other for a tennis court — and beyond that, because the Properties avoid the slopes of the North Shore Mountains, there is the skyline of Vancouver and then the Pacific. A house was arranged in time. Bob Lee might wait in the red wine cell on a prime location.

But Bob Lee isn't selling. He has named this house — and at 41, he represents as one of the most successful men in the country — he has earned all this by capitalizing on the ingenuity of Southeast Asians in his property here in Canada.

Canadian-born but the son of a Chinese immigrant, Lee began to understand the scope of the market 10 years ago when he sold a \$2.5-million Vancouver apartment building to a Southeast Asian investor, a man for whom he has since handled \$30-million worth of Canadian deals. In 1973 he was president of Wall Street Redrup Corporation, Lee sold land and buildings for \$28 million and half of that was to Southeast Asians. He doesn't hint himself to Vancouver: two of his sales were in Edmonton, one the CTR hotel the Château Lacanor.

Lee says his Asian clients have so much money "it seems like they pour it" in liquid he may divert more of their capital to Alberta where he believes the investment climate is much friendlier. The reasoning is clear enough. Brenda Coleman's premise, Dave Garrett, has announced that he intends to introduce legislation aimed at drying up the flow of any Hong Kong risk capitalizing in BC real estate. ♦

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## LAND OF THE CLOCKWORK SUN

Applied Zen and other patents pending on tradition in Japan

BY TOM WAKAYAMA

*Photographer Tim Waiyayama is a first-generation Canadian—or rather, the Canadian half of a generation divided between two worlds. He was born in Chatham, Ontario, brother to a sister yet who had never left Japan. Now, their days in British Columbia, yet home has also remained an unyielding dream, a search for the self-knowledge that is purely rooted in another country. Recently he pursued that search for the first time in the land of his ancestors.*

From these shores my mother and father sailed more than 50 years ago to a new life in Canada. Now their second-generation grandson, in guise of the Holy Made-In-Japan Goat, was crossing the same ocean in a jet, anxiously practicing a language he hadn't spoken for more than 20 years on the uncomprehending but ever smiling, kimonos-clad steamers. In the mind of one who had been forged in the great North American melting pot dwelt the common thought: how would it feel to be in a land where everyone looks more or less like you?

I landed on the venerable three-ring coast of Hamada airport. I telephoned my contacts for help and was picked up by two stalwart sons of the Nishibangsha clan, dressed in furry white coats and bright red overalls. We hopped into their Blazer and sped madly through the tightly packed narrow streets of Tokyo. Somehow, somehow we reached the house in Ogino which was to be my base for the next 10 months. My first sight on entering this marvelous home of good people and beautiful kids was a 12-inch Sony TV in which John Wayne wooed a beguiled Maureen O'Hara in perfectly correct Japanese. That same night, due to some linguistic confusion over such matters as tap on and off, I repaid their hospitality by pulling the plug from the hole of their nightly ritual, a square tub of scimitarily hot water which, unknown to me, was meant to service the entire family.

Soon after I left as my pilgrimage first to the northern half of the island, then to the southern tropical island of Kyushu. I set out to find the native landscapes of the land of the rising sun, but found most of it buried under a heavy colonization of steel, energy, Coke and coke ovens and Power and Hope cigarette booths. Exhausted from hopping so many times and feeling somewhat isolated from wandering alone in a country where everyone travels in groups, I returned to Tokyo and immediately fell in love.

Risa (Hector) a Taiwanese teenybopper, adorable child and was old woman, serene, modern, scholar and effortless musician, a practitioner of the martial art. She could crack a Piyo cue with her bare hand and split a bottle in four equal parts with her naked tongue. The rest of my stay in Japan was a rich confusion of loving Risa and learning to play the shakuhachi, a simple bamboo flute which the Japanese had refined to the level of transcendental experience. Both were a source of such endless fascination and despair.

The time to return home drew near. In the utter terror of Vancouver, Tokyo, the cool reason of Canada's open space beckoned. In search of relief, I went down to Shinjuku to find an unconditioned coffee house, where I was drawn to a building spewing forth a deafening metallic clatter. Instead, I entered and there it was—the Holy Made-In-Japan Goat.

A multitude of men and women were riveted before wall on wall of blinking, clattering



machines while their spare thumbs shot forth millions of shiny steel balls into electronic labyrinths of little holes and metal pathways. Some balls would tumble into the prize slots but more often they would drop vigorously into the bottom hole to be swallowed forever. This was pachinko, the national obsession.

I dug out a 100-yrn coin, bought 50 balls and with a twang of the shooting lever and with my first ball on its fated journey through the maze. Carried away by initial success and







the greedy mass of bulls in wandering succession. I eventually lost all my marbles. I clipped 50 more bulls into the trough and wade into a deep trough which was broken several hours later by an attendant tugging on my shoulder. He quickly slipped an O.T. or cotton sign on the acquired machine and I collected my loot: three green plastic boxes brimming with lively razor bills. I marched up to the author's desk and traded the bills in for 20 picks of cigarettes and three cans. Sure, this damn broke the bank in Tokyo.



Dear Jill,

These are only 6 of Sydney's tourist attractions - There are lots more. And not only do they swim,



they talk too. Tearing ourselves from the scenery, we went to Canberra for a little "culture". (In case you see mother.) We saw a fabulous



"Richard II". That's not me singing its praises... it's the Ethos statue outside the theater.

On to Hobart,



where we covered the water front, then drove to Fort Arthur where they used to keep the convicts. No problem fitting into the local scene.



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it's no misnomer. We're now recuperating in Queensland on this train we took



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# 

Just what does Toller Cranston have to do to prove his genius?

BY BARBARA SEARS

The most creative skater of the century—the Nurev of the skating world ladies and gentlemen, Toller Cranston? The movement's superlatives grow, but the audience keeps on prolonged applause, which any we agree, as the world figure in black skates to create art. He played in intense concentration, waiting for the music.

The bitter ironic laughter of Celine Dion's down, ribbon across the arena and for a moment you feel that there has been a dreadful mistake. That some belated official has put on the wrong record. *Payphone* is just not played at ice rinks and skating to the *Sex Pistols* in which Celine Dion's life of the performer seems like an invitation to disaster. The Kitchener sadistic accusation to a diet of light orchestral music or at best Tchaikovsky responds to it in a strange way. When Cranston jumps and spins, their applause is muted, as though they cannot quite break the show business habit of recognizing a good trick, just at the same time they know that it is wrong to interrupt. But as he glides into a final agonized pose, some have tears in their eyes. There is a moment of silence followed by applause that is very loud and very long. The audience roars, throws red roses to the ice, shouts bravo, calls for encores. It is the kind of reception that Nurev and Baryshnikov receive. Toller Cranston grabs up the roses, and in a gesture of European showmanship distributes them among the lady skating judges.

In the past 10 years, Toller Cranston has revolutionized men's figure skating. Until the late Soviet male skaters were all offered by the program syndicates, not allowing their arms to move in any way that might actually express something, holding their backs rigid, their heads bent. Cranston has attempted to give this to try to be expressive in the manner of a dancer on ice, were described as "effeminate." What psychic damage this did to a 15-year-old boy figure skater in a land of hockey players is impossible to gauge. There is no doubt



that he was deeply hurt by the criticism, but he dismisses the pain now as having been well worth it.

At 25, Toller Cranston has been Canadian Figure Skating Champion for four years and has twice won the free skating section of the World Championship. The first time in 1972 was something of a surprise, the beginning of what has become a remarkable non-stop repetition. Last year, when he again won the free skating gold medal in Munich, he was described by the German press as "the skater of the century." Canadian press reaction to his performance has been decidedly less effusive, which still annoys Cranston. "As a skater, I would never have been so successful as I am had I not made it outside this country first," he says. "When I won the free skating in the World's in Calgary before a panel of international judges, Canadians took a different look at me. After Munich, they took another look. All of a sudden, the finish became something more expressive, more profound, more pleasing to people."

Cranston sees a close parallel between his skating and his other career — painting, where he has not with such an indifference from Canadian critics. His stage realist style has been much more successful in Europe, particularly in

West Germany where he had a one-man show in December and sold several of his canvases some far as much as \$8,000. "I am now determined to spend five years becoming known outside Canada. What good is it for me to exhibit in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto — who gives a damn?" The Canada Council didn't — it turned down his application for a grant.

The burden of two full-time careers would probably inhibit anyone as lively as Cranston's cant loneliness is simply the way things have always been. He has seen himself as an outsider from infancy. "I was born old. I think it would have been fun to be young just once. But I never knew what to do with children my own age when I was playing with them." As a result he spent most of his time playing with his sister and her friends, who were three years older.

Cranston started figure skating when he was seven, as a natural choice of sport for a small boy growing up in the small town of Kirkland Lake, the home of such hockey stars as Ralph Backstrom, Dick Duff and the Plager brothers. Figure skating was a natural outgrowth of Cranston's isolation and his inability to understand team games. "I was always an athlete. I could not laster than anyone else, but I was never able to understand what football was all about."

Now it turned out, now he able to appreciate the restrictions that figure skaters placed on themselves, the rigid stick-like discipline they imposed as their movements. Cranston plans to skater more of these traditions in the 1975 World Championships being held this month in Calcutta, Sprague. The four-man program he has put together consists of music from just one work — Prokofiev's *Cinderella* — and has been edited together to form one continuous piece. There will be none of the "this is the last section, this is the slow section, this is the medium section" that has been the rule with skating music in the

Barbara Sears is a Toronto free-lance writer and film researcher.











He looked around and said, "What other corporate boards are there?" He was fascinated by the biggest board of them all

seems pining to get him best on Trudeau's plane then in his car in the airport, but he found himself jockeying to get in his TV show trying not to look like a stranger on home ground.

Later that night he was debriefed by the cops. But not James Rich- ardon who believes in the redemptive power of politics, thinking the eternal values of free enterprise and inspi- ration serve. On his office, still he keeps a copy of Keynes, "you can keep your head while all about you are losing theirs." Inside a chair in his Ottawa office he has found a sculpture of Jonathan Livingston Seagull and in his left breast pocket on a leather tie he carries a tiny carved diamond duck, dubbed J.R. after the philosophical scribbler. In these awkward Ottawa social parties when colleagues watch James Richardson fish in his pocket for loose change and in his head for words, he is frequently just fishing for the res- taurant of J.R. He reaches for his pen. Four hours later, after a dinner during which he has been placed not in the head table with Trudeau but just below it, he will nevertheless relax over a wine and cigarette and conclude that the day has gone well.

He then looks on the brighter side of things. Those close to him say he suffers through life imprecisions to slight and overnight obsessions of desire and wealth. But then perhaps he has good reasons. After all, it is a moving target for James Richardson to find himself on the outside. In a sense he was born in. For to be him is Richardson in Winnipeg or to be forever set off from the common herd, dressed always in his coat in- formed the eternal danger.

The Richardson building looms in concrete majesty over the western cor- ner of Canada, 32 stories and 467 feet of sheer presence, swirling steel and solid life insurance like some landed Prince lightest guiding hand the driver to the center of Postage and Main. When James Richardson plunged into politics almost eight years ago, he had just started building it. Winnipeg's first skyscraper is a testament to the country's oldest and least known, wholly owned family empire, fulfillment of his dead father's dream.

Nobody knows precisely what the Richardson family is worth but com- putations with \$500 million. Nobody knows, exactly what it com- putes but it is not that there was one of the country's largest real-estate invest- ment. \$20 years elsewhere, these wheat

terraces with a capacity of 18 million bottles on insurance company, scien- tific feed firms, stock farms, shipping lines and pipelines, not to mention these low-and-bulk acres of Winnipeg's most sacred topsoil where James Rich- ardon laid down in 1924 and used the living spirit of what it all stood for.

He took his picture against the building when he descended from the plumed steps of his chairman of the board's office that bright May day in 1988 to announce that he was giving it all up to throw in his lot with Pierre Trudeau. He showed there in the world all smiles and promise and the only ques-



James Richardson, now what he was doing it for.

"You know," he says, playing in his office, grey flannel and sky anorak over a navy blue shirt. "I was just inter- ested in being around the big table. I'd been around every other big corporate table — Hudson's Bay, the oldest com- pany in Canada, Ivesco, one of the most profitable. Ivesco Group, the largest mutual fund, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the CPR. I looked around and said, 'What other corporate boards are there?' I was fascinated by the big board, the ultimate board of di- rectors, so it went."

In cabinet, it would be safe to put James Richardson on the far right. Dis- missing the fate of the Indian and Es- kimo, he would suddenly ponder "Ivesco, what did they ever do for Canada? Did they discover gas? Did they discover oil? They didn't even invent the wheel. Why when we came here they were still dig- ging things around on two tracks?"

They say it has been a question to buy

Street to have J.R. in his address book, at the big board — although it has not always appeared to be a comfort to his brother George. George, now ageing Richardson, president and a reported Conservative, made a speech during the last election criticizing government's meddling in business, which wasn't exactly seen as a big boost to his brother's campaign. Neil James Rich- ardon says, "On the important matters, he and I are very close."

After all, since childhood they were both groomed for the task of being a Richardson, a task he never looked on as a burden, although his children have a different view of it. "No, I was almost never asked about it," he says. "I always say it's like doing it. If you go off on your own in the bush area, you may have more fun, but if you stay in the tracks that are already there, you may get richer."

The tracks that were already there were laid deep and clear. When James Richardson sat down to talk about him- self, he wants to be in 1923.

That was the year the late James Richardson arrived from County Ty- nore, Northern Ireland, in the arms of his father, a small, middle-aged thing of those who soon become full-fledged as well. But an aunt in Kingston took him in later sent him to apprentice to a local tailor and before long he had his own tailor shop. When James began to pay for that suit he had of state he devel- oped a sunny streak of selling. The back of his shop began to fill up with goods all there was, just no time to look for mate- rial. In 1927 he hung out his shingle di- rectly to a grain merchant, and as James Richardson II, 16, was to part out his brother's company was celebrated a decade before Canada's. There is a sense in the selling that Confederation is race, sure, but the Richardson have been around longer.

Through two generations they thrived. But they did not thrive in Win- nipeg until 1928 when his father, James Richardson II, a big, wild bear of a man, moved the head office there and shed the empire to what it is today. He vin- ced over the broken business and bank is holding sway of the west which was to become the backbone of both Air Canada and CP Air. In the great white mansion he built on the banks of the Assiniboine where his youngest daughter Kathleen still lives today surrounded by a moat of tropical estate, the affairs that were to become the affairs of the nation were shared over at the breakfast table and you

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## A friend remembers him out campaigning at a bus stop: "I don't think Jim had ever been at a bus stop in his life before"

learned to read a commodious shirt with your eyes)

James Richardson remembers it as a "total happy childhood but that works later after pondering it, he will suddenly pull a pose of hunkiness from his pocket, on which he has scrawled "As a child I always felt that I was in some way unique, special, separate, distinguished."

It would be difficult not to consider yourself special growing up in a house when CPM president Sir Edward Henry Dunster Sir James Dunn and Winston Churchill come to call. "As a boy I'd always creep in and listen to their conversations," he says. "I was fascinated by what other people talked about. I wanted to talk about that too."

Years later, when he was just out of the air force and in England at 23, he would call on Winston Churchill himself, and when he was told the great man was busy he would leave his calling card with a note saying he remembered Churchill visiting his father's house and now he was returning the favor. He never thought there was anything odd about it for years.

It was a serious entrance, shared up by servants, out of behind wrought-iron fences and through stone gates, chauffeured to private school across the river in the back of the big old family LaSalle, watching the world through a pane of safety glass. Even Winnipeg was kept at a distance, and when the Richs came physically closer the city's music culture frenziedly they shed from the headlines, wanted no credit. If they achieved it, there was always the sense that it was a distasteful necessity. "You always down-played your own accomplishments," he says.

At Queen's, the family moved close still. The sports stadium administration building, Richardson kept it all, although he likes to say that when he was elected dean president his first week "I don't think more than two or three people knew my father was chancellor of the university."

He was never a brilliant student. He studied politics and economics, was pleasant, good-looking — boyish. He will be 53 this month, but there's the word that would best describe him still. In his office now he gets on a ladder to a college roommate from the air force days, lives his life, four living and the joy of knowing to fly, and it is bracingly arrogant, naïvely cynical and innocent with an optimism unshaken by the gritty practicalism of getting through from day to day and pay to pay. He flew

a B-10 Liberator bomber, but never got beyond the base of Canada, patrolling the North Atlantic for submarines. "Of course we never met any," he says. Then it was back to the waiting company bus where "You were in the same place, the Morris Club, the Olympic Club in Toronto you talked to the same people. It was all the same to me."

A friend remembers him out campaigning the first day at a Winnipeg bus stop. "And it was painful," he says. "I don't think Jim had ever been at a bus stop in his life before."

What few knew is that he was there firmly against the advice of Muriel



Springer Richardson, indefatigable family matriarch, president of the company for 27 years after her husband's death in 1919 and a formidable woman. "Jerry," she says, her son. To understand what it was to stand up to her is to know that she did not argue and let him become chairman until he was 48 years old.

Not was his wife, Beryl, a shy, shy Englishwoman who came from Canada money, any more enthusiastic. She still flies to Ottawa only when the bus so stays instead on the beautiful, daffodil-blaze estate on which her husband built a rambling comfortable house of adobe brick and green paint where the Anishinabe carved, and made her rare Stollens, daisies. With poems and Stollens, she.

"I was a protestant deacon. Not a family decision," he says. "They say, 'You'll just embarrass yourself and in everybody.' But he came anyway. He'd always wanted to, he says."

Still, the voice of the West did not arrive in Ottawa fully blown.

"I certainly didn't by any means come

down as a champion of the West," he says. "I was a Canadian then. A staid, staid Canadian. I was uncontent, uncontent. I never wanted to do anything more than people who were running things for their own narrow interests. It was only after being here that I began to see all the money that was spent in Toronto and Montreal. Eighty-five percent of all federal spending was being done in Ontario and Quebec. They asked why the West was neglected — well, no wonder. Now when I try to get a few small things for the West they all cry 'Pork barrel.' Which is extraordinary when they've got the whole barrel down here."

James Richardson didn't all he was in "simple justice." And in his own unique way he may have done more for the West than others, more vocal matters before him. He nagged and he insisted till he got the new federal Mann revised bill and made to Winnipeg when the official plan clearly had it perched in over there in Hull. He won them defense contracts, aerospace contracts and finally though he thinks from the word blackmail, the Air Canada report longer that the government had just finished taking away. He managed to zero around the whole course of Ottawa spending, which had been recently cut-making for years. Still, it was all in his own unique way.

The voice of the West was frequently regarded as a tame voice in the wilderness, always standing up in cabinet and going on about economic regionalism, especially when it was minister confided. "Jim has the knack of bringing up questions at absolutely the worst time."

Even the military was rattled when word leaked out that in order to accommodate a new defense minister, the budget would be his home town. The budget boxes of all 70s had been not back by one-third so they wouldn't be ready for a checkup before the budget was leaked. The forces had the impression that James Richardson was not their strongest booster in cabinet. As one officer put it, "Let's face it, he's more interested in Winnipeg than us."

On a step of military service outside Halifax, a small sliver of Canadian Forces gear huddles in the drizzle to watch a silver speech descend out of the sky, drop down and miraculously materialize in the true white Falcon, disgorging their leader in an elegant army Aquascutum trench coat. James Richardson is half an hour late but that is nothing. Ministerial Committed, the Jap-

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## In Cyprus he came out squarely for the Turks

not contained in the country with a budget of \$480 million, had been waiting for this for 10 years. Since his appointment as director of the troops in November 1972, he had been waiting to get out and see them, but he had never quite made it. Not that James Richardson hasn't been otherwise occupied.

First he became the master of naming over the entire military advertising budget to his great and good friend Gordon Hill. Then the 35-day around-the-world trip with Hill, both their wives and a platoon of press, meeting other defense ministers, although one could understand the conference of the New Zealand war services that reported they were "holding" them.

Now, never having stayed so far as Halifax, he had just returned from his second trip to the Middle East recently, the troops in a bubble-bag jump suit, and despite years of sometimes lying, actually as the part of Canadian peace-keeping forces, had managed to come out at a Cyprus press conference squarely as the side of Turkish policy. It was reported at just one of James Richardson's parties at the time, but later he insisted he knew exactly what he was doing. "If they were asking me what I thought they should do, well, I was telling them," he says wistfully. "You can't always say 'no' to a friend." The reaction from External Affairs had been, he claims, "mild shock."

He had promptly flown home there into a microphone over the defense budget which was being reviewed by the House. The forces' strength had crept to an all-time low of 75,000, officers had been slashed and officers in high places were planning press leaks that depicted the state of the aged busy Canadian tank and the lumbering troops, long-range reconnaissance aircraft. Monte had chided to a trickle and the whole future of the Canadian military commitment suddenly stood in question. But if the troops were being nowhere was it worse than Maritime Command. As he took the silence there on the terms from Deputy Minister Commander Rear-Admiral Douglas ("The Fezzing") Boyle, it would not perhaps be an exaggeration to say that in a defense minister James Richardson risked only slightly above of Paul Miller in popularity.

Admiral Boyle's destroyers languished in Halifax harbor their owners out back by one third. The lights had been worn-dipped by the same to save on rockaway fuel costs. "I've got

4,700,000 square miles to survey," he would say later. "My men are working on 30-hour work on the ships at sea. Now they don't want it if it's meaningful." Admiral Boyle was determined to show it was meaningful. "I told the minister. Give us three days," he kept saying. But the minister had given him a day and a half. Well, they had warned him it was a grueling year they had laid on.

They started him through dockyards and down submarine hatches, through darkened rooms where men played war games against mythical domestic invaders and into two cabinets manning radar in helicopters. They gave him a brief and translated him onto a running to can of a school bus, jacked him down dark Atlantic wharves linked by wind where divers played out the sea here for him, and always there seemed to be a proper even military force dressing over a shoulder someone's. "Maritime Command has a direct influence on one third of the population of Halifax, etc."

At the end of it, James Richardson's eyes were glazing over with exhaustion or maybe it was just the General taking hold. For then they sent him out to sea for the night on a destroyer with 20-foot waves and a 20-degree roll and more war exercises till 3 a.m. all dressed up in a neon-green green nylon survival suit, wrapped head to toe.

James Richardson, who is so careful of his appearance that he sometimes sends his valet George out to get his shirts from the laundry re-provided, looked pained at the spectacle of himself in this shivering green nylon bummy but will be, wined off by the admiral who stayed on land. In the morning James Richardson reported that he had a sleep well. "Narcotics had told me about the strap on his back and he kept taking out of bed all night."

That day at lunch he met the boys in green. The war's scheduled to speak, but they cancelled him and he found himself on his feet repeating what he'd said so often that the 12-45 anti-inflation defense increase this year amounted to more than some whole government departments got to spend, more than the sum of whole provincial budgets, about 10% better to have a small, better equipped fleet, that things were looking up. The words fell on the crowded table scraps like the third of fresh-caught cod. "We dodged all the questions," murmured a disappointed expert. "I feel I am let to know he was talking for us."

On the way home, James Richardson knew it had not gone well. "I should have had some jokes," he told a military attaché. "I always like to tell a few jokes." The attaché was silent. "Well, sir, he finally said, 'I think it was a very serious subject you were discussing.'"

A week later at the semi-annual ministerial meeting of NATO in Brussels James Richardson had a joke. It was the first joke reportedly ever told in those sombre negotiators' chambers and when he got up to his feet, the Canadian minister came down by rail, elegant and Generalissimo. Deane is reported to have appeared to be searching for a crony to sink into in the gold broadloom. Before the room convulsed in laughter there was the longest pause. Not that it bothered James Richardson. "Well, I was hoping something," he said later. "I was the first to wear a light suit and I won the first to tell a joke."

His speech to NATO the next day was another fine, a pitch that Canada dare not be a bigger share of defense costs than it is in contributions — an odd plea from a country whose NATO commitment is just ahead of Luxembourg and Iceland. Certainly not one that had ever been heard before. Still, it had a familiar ring to it. "I was drafted on the pitch for the Week," Richardson agreed on the plane home. "It's only simple justice. That will be interesting. External Affairs were flipping out about it. They said there was the longest silence they'd ever seen. But that didn't bother me."

He was generally delighted as the plane tumbled out onto the runway. Then he pulled a hotel envelope from his pocket on which he had scribbled some thoughts on whether he'd like to be press minister someday. He admitted he'd be willing, but only "to lead a parade out of Canada. My vision of Canada." But, as he said, "Unfortunately I can't get into my vision of Canada without putting into my hang-ups." And it is no secret in Ottawa that his hang-ups include a dose of the English spoken by James Richardson. In fact, between that bilingualism in leading on to crack and ruin, not a newspaper that goes unshared in the West. But in a cabinet finally committed to the way through two official languages, James Richardson, contrary to himself the odd fellow out. "You don't know how frustrating it is that I can't put my views on the record," he says. "It's really more important to me to tell the 'What's'." But one thing he wants to make clear, although it won't be his, he's not quite understood what Trudeau was talking about when he agreed to run with them — that bilingual policy came as an awful shock — it's because he likes the men so much that they're hanging in there, happy for a while here.

The phone in a baritone voice and James Richardson seems pleased to have gotten it off his chest. He orders a rye and ginger and a glass of the jet on up over the Belgian countryside. Down on the streets of Brussels, of course, they're speaking French. ☺

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# MY WAR WITH THE ARMY

You can fight uniform depression only so long

BY NICHOLAS STETHEM

More than 20 years after the last battle, it is hard to be a soldier—the country seems to have forgotten just why you were. Instead of fighting away as every good soldier should, you continue interminable the aim of the state becomes its appetite. In 10 years as an officer in the Canadian Armed Forces, I found out what it was to be the appendix of the social body, usually forgotten and if remembered, too often seen as a current bogover from a dim and bloody past. To some, you are a political necessity but a financial embarrassment, to others you are an eloquent reminder of human barbarity.

Like my father and my grandfather, two career soldiers, my grandfather retired as a colonel, having served in France and Belgium in World War I, and as Director of International Operations in World War II, my father graduated from Royal Military College in 1937, served in France, East Africa, North Africa and Italy with the British Army, and later as the Canadian Contingent Commander in the Congo (UN), retiring as a colonel in 1969. It was natural, then, that I regarded the military profession as a fine and honorable art, allowing me to serve Canada according to a code of ethics that had set the pattern of life for my family since the time of the century. I took this old-fashioned belief with me to Collège Militaire Royal in September of 1964, two years later I buried it with a bottle of Scotch and with hair going long in honor of the occasion.

During my military career, I saw both the death of my ideals and the slow destruction of Canada's once proud armed forces. This decay has been well hidden from the public by a program of information management orchestrated by politicians and public relations men, even career military men have been blinded by false promises and deceitous cynicism within their own cramped quarters. When I left last year, the Armed Forces had reached the point where they were clearly unable to fulfill the roles demanded by the government because of badly inadequate manpower and equipment that is decades out of date. Attempts to improve the situation were hamstrung by the politicization of the officer corps, many of whom sold their principles for better pay and rapid promotion.

I remember my first contact with the Big Lie technique as practiced by defense headquarters. It was just in the time that Paul Hellyer was misrepresenting the activities of the three armed services into one great machine. An article, which originated in the office of the Minister of National Defence, appeared in a Montreal newspaper documenting the disparities within the military over the changes taking place, and said a survey of the cadets in military college had shown that they—the forward looking generals of tomorrow—fully supported unification. The generals and other senior officers then resigning or expressing opposition to Hellyer's grand design were, by implication "Colonel Blimp." I was a cadet at the time and we were never swayed by our terms—if anything we were just as divided and probably much more confused by what was happening as our senior officers.

At the time it was easy to believe that this was an isolated case, the product of some public relations man's overdeveloped imagination. As the years passed, it became obvious that it was part of a pattern of deliberately feeding false information to the press, the public, and even members of the forces themselves. The pattern continues today. Last November the Toronto Star again used information from defense headquarters, reported that we have "more than 300 World War II British Commonwealth tanks," giving the impression that we can produce 300 tanks in battle. In fact

# My life in the listening business

BY BETTY KENNEDY

I find hosting an interview show is a lot easier than explaining how you do it.

I don't think you can be in this business without being genuinely curious about people, about their lives, and the million things that make them different from each other.

But a person's difference doesn't always show on the surface and you can't force it out. It takes a lot of listening, not only to the person's words but to the hidden man or woman behind them.

My main effort is always to make the person feel at ease, to let my guests know the moment they walk into the studio that they'll be treated with respect and thoughtfulness. Putting people on the spot or deliberately embarrassing them doesn't interest me. I want them to relax and explore the things that really mean something to them.

When a long-time international star tells you candidly she has no difficulty relating to huge audiences,

it's only in one-to-one relationships she can never make it, you know you have reached that person. She becomes a real person talking, not just a stage

good interview are the intangibles you simply can't explain. The tangibles are easy enough—the amount of homework done in advance and your own ability to concentrate completely on the guest.

If someone controversial is presenting an unpopular view, the listening audience is entitled to a fair and impartial presentation. I believe it is the audience, not the interviewer, who judges the merits of a guest. Audiences have a lot of common sense and are quite capable of arriving at their own decisions.

Broadcasting takes you into many different worlds, but always it is the people, what they think, what they feel, why they do the things they do, that count most.

personality. It's that kind of response that suddenly makes an interview take off.

What I am after is exactly that personal, human quality of a guest which can often lend a new perspective to a story.

Many things about a



Sincerely yours,  
Betty Kennedy



## The vitality of the Armed Forces Tattoo of 1967 was a cruel joke, a requiem for the very pomp and color it exhibited

we have only two operational tank squadrons making 32 tanks, and one squadron of tanks located in Glasgow, to train men for the other two. The remainder are in storage, rusting and otherwise doing good as targets and obstacles or are tanks cannibalized for spare parts. There are also approximately a dozen tanks that are held operationally as a reserve force for the two overseas squadrons. With the article was a photograph of a "mainline gun crew" in training — the fact that the weapons they were using predates World War II was obviously not mentioned to the writer of the article.

I firmly believe that it is both the right and the duty of the government, the civil power, to control the military. It must decide what the country needs in the way of an armed force and what roles that force should fulfil. And, although I think it would be a disastrous mistake, the government also has both the power and the right to abolish the military altogether if it so chooses. I feel just as strongly, though, that while we are maintaining a military force both the people serving in it and the Canadian public is entitled to some consolation from Ottawa that will not be perceived a week or two later as some politician's whim.

Deluxe headquarters in Ottawa went through at least two reorganizations during my short military career; in that same time we had five different Ministers of National Defence — Paul Hellyer, Leo Cadieux, Donald Macdonald, Edgar Benson and James Richardson.

With the headquarters and the minister changing with such frequency, it's probably not surprising that there have been few logical and rational decisions about the future of the forces. It's true that the forces are shrinking rapidly, but the ministry is still a complex one and no man, not the cleverest politician, can be expected to understand fully what is happening if the current continues to play musical chairs, and if the generals providing the expert advice cannot decide how to organize even their own headquarters.

The hypocrisy of the false promise and Big Lie within the armed force was in the last Section. We were told we would get new equipment and more men doing the real work of piloting fighter aircraft, making fighting ships, or driving tanks and carrying rifles. The Armed Forces Tattoo of 1967 seemed, at the time, very good at one person close to my own heart, none of the regiments would be abolished and I would not lose my corps (Royal Canadian Corps of Signals). The motto painted on displaying the history, skills and martial spirit of Canada's military, but even while the musical bands played decisions were being made that would prove that promise false. Over the next two years regiments disappeared, and my corps died. The vitality of the tattoo had been a cruel joke, a requiem for the very pomp and color it exhibited.

The losses might not have hurt so much if the promised benefits had appeared. It would have been possible to ration even the tremendous drop in

manpower from 120,000 in 1964 to 101,000 in 1967, and finally to the present force of less than 80,000 as a necessary price to pay for modernization. If that modernization had actually taken place. A few high-visibility items such as Boeing 707s and helicopters (without the necessary weapons) were purchased but we as the land forces would not be waiting for our newer machines, gun, warlike tanks and antique trucks to be replaced. When I left the forces last year, we were still without them.

I was serving then with our key NATO contingent, which was — and still is — trying hard to make a credible fighting force out of two understrength battalions of infantry, backed by an understrength regiment of tanks — kept moving on cannibalized parts and rebuilt motors — and a small segment of artillery (This force is so understrength that it is supplemented with militia for NATO exercises, and generally beefed up with army-heavy units by our allies.) Before leaving that force I saw a fine example of "modernization." There had been rumors for some time that one seasonal personnel carrier would be re-equipped with more modern weapons. These fairly modern armored utility vehicles, purchased in the States at great expense, were fitted with an out-of-date 30-caliber Browning machine gun modified to take modern 7.62 NATO ammunition. Our allies are now equipping their personnel carriers with such weapons as 20 mm cannons or at the very least, with modern types of machine guns, and we hoped that we might get something similar. What we finally received were old 30-caliber machine guns from storage where they had been placed as spare parts years before.

Not all the blame for what has happened to the forces can be placed on politicians. It must be shared by the officer corps of the armed forces, of which I was a part. Our principles were too often bought with pay and promotion. When I was in the senior class at the Royal Military College in 1969, we were assembled one morning to hear a very tall, thin officer, careerist and training by Major-General William Carr, who was then in charge of Training Command. He read a dispirited speech that was an appeal to pure self-interest, we had before us a careerist to which we could make a lot of money quickly, we could climb to the top in a very short time, and we should learn to play the bureaucratic power game as well as any young executive in industry. He said nothing about the good of the country or the best interests

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# A smooth number

## In the Sixties, many officers resigned

of the Canadian forces, or the willful of the men many of us would soon be considering.

At the end of his address I questioned Carr on several major contradictions in his speech. Over ninety minutes followed with questions that grew steadily more pointed until a Navy man ended the session by describing the speech as a "load of garbage" and implying, in strong sailor language, that the speaker was a liar.

The malaise began spreading throughout the officer corps in the middle and late Sixties, when a number of junior admirals and other senior officers resigned from the Canadian forces. These men expressed the only option open to a regular officer who opposes the policies or actions of the forces and, in effect, resigned rather than go against his principles. Defense headquarters moved quickly to counter the defections with a flood of promotions and a high-powered public relations campaign. For many of us it was a refreshing time, and it was difficult not to suggest the motives of these suddenly promoted.

Later, as a junior officer, I found out through older officers just what had happened behind the scenes. Senior officers were promoted to insure for public support of the unbroken policy, and in at least one case a "friend" of the minister was jumped several ranks to a position of power. It was told of another officer who had changed everything from his opinions to his circle of friends to gun promotion. Another spoke out strongly against the new policy and offered protection on the condition he be changed his view. He did and was. There were those, of course, who stood by their principles. I know of one case where a rejected, old school general was offered promotion and a vital position but turned it down. I was a bit surprised for he felt he was not suited.

The upper levels of the officer corps were fragmented and polarized; the lower levels were damaged by appeals to self-interest in the expense of principle, and by the loss of what was high power at the top. We were further mangled as a result of fratricidal disputes that grew out of a new organization constantly reorganizing. Each officer fought to keep his own unit alive in the face of cuts in both personnel and money. This is a normal reaction, probably a healthy thing in a healthy organization. In our armed forces, cut off from traditional roots and without firm direction, it was destructive — men trying to

save their favorite units at the expense of the force. I did it myself in a small way in the Airborne Regiment and later in Germany. I argued for arm and equipment from the limited pool available, a pool too small to do the job. Commanding officers of units, generals and bureaucrats were multiplying headquarters did the same thing. Unfortunately this adding, frantically at any level but often first at higher levels did nothing about the problems of the military as a whole, and raised any dissent voice we might have had.

It was difficult to have faith in our senior leadership when we could not be sure whether the latest policy statement or attempt to sell out a problem was self-serving or truly good for the forces. In such an atmosphere of insipience even the efforts of defense men are suspect. It was openly admitted that the forces had gone wrong, particularly the land forces. This was the area in which I worked so perhaps I did not have as good an understanding of senior problems in other areas. There were arguments and reports on the conduct of army life, but both officers and other ranks. Committees investigated, and teams of officers from National Defense HQ visited us regularly looking for the reason why. Publications and newsletters aimed at the individual soldier were showed out, but they dealt with more positive, cover-major problems. The forces magazine, *The Sentinel*, is now little more than a PR sig, a thing called the Personnel Newsletter deals with grievances regarding pay and allowances and promotions, but tends to be little more than the party paper of the personnel bureaucracy. Nowhere did the whole picture receive a sober second look.

Despite all the frustration and despair, there are still dedicated men in military service, but they are rapidly losing hope. Shortly after I resigned I had a long conversation with a group of these men old friends from the Airborne Regiment. They told me of a newsletter, *Ground 1*. I asked the Chief of Defense Staff, asking there would be no further cuts in forces personnel. The letter was dated in September, our conversation took place in early October, just after James Richardson, commander of the army and its opposition, stated that the forces would be cut again, and it was suggested the possibility of a force of only 30,000 or 40,000 men. I believe that is an earlier time, any defense chief repudiated in this way by the government would have felt compelled to resign. But now reputation has become such a part of military life that no one expected Dextre to step down.

Even the UN operations of which Canada seems so proud are high-

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## Men who had only fired a rifle once a year since early training were expected to work in an area where bullets were flying

The forces stretched painfully thin by politically forced desertion commitments, to say nothing of NATO, are now supporting contingents in Cyprus and the Middle East. The publishers "near boys" doing their bit for peace, it is an oddity to have another view. Cyprus is an operation that has gone well despite massive problems. The Canadian Airborne Regiment basically assumed to the task, cobbling together a force for routine duty on Cyprus and when war broke out in the island it was reinforced by the remainder of the regiment from Canada. The result was a cohesive highly trained force that was accustomed to working together. Both before and after the reinforcement they performed well. I would like to think that it was the practice of tough soldiers from my old regiment that saved the day when the Turks were about to take over Nicosia airport. For example. Unfortunately, the truth is that without the support of modern British tanks, anti-aircraft weapons, armoured weapons and modern jet fighters their task would

have been impossible — a Canadian support group could not have provided the same up-to-date equipment. The spirit was definitely there but the big guns had to be borrowed.

The Middle East is a different case. I have spoken with several officers and other ranks who have returned from service there — all men whom I have known for several years. According to them it was, and still is, a classic case which displays many of the ills that afflict the forces. Troops were trapped together from all over Canada, and thrown into the middle of a war that could turn hot again at any moment. They were to support the operations of other UN forces with such things as logistics and communications. Unfortunately, the tools necessary for this type of work have not been considered "essential" under the compensation of the Service. Thus, in dealing for personnel many men were recruited who had actually never been in the field. Men who had only fired a rifle once a year since their early training were expected

to work in an area where bullets were flying. A radio operator who had never worked outside a regulated base environment might have to provide the most maintenance in a forward area. Interfere with mudfields and work with the combat troops of other nations. At the beginning even the simplest aspects of field hygiene were hobbled: the initial camp was set up by the UN with too few latrines for the hundreds of men arriving, all of whom could be expected to come down with a nasty local form of diarrhea for 48 hours (at one point I was told 400 men were using 13 latrines). Rivalries between those experienced in field operations and those with rank but little experience perturbed the implementation of procedures learned from past operations. Some officers were too busy seeing the local sights, and enjoying the privileges of rank, to properly look after the men they were supposed to be commanding. In many cases it was a matter of the unqualified leading the untutored. The ironic decision to send women to the Middle East is I suspect less motivated by considerations of equal employment than by a critical shortage of qualified manpower.

The two UN operations simply illustrate the problems of the Canadian Armed Forces as a whole: too little modern equipment and too few personnel in an organization that is fragmented and confused. For every man in the 1,000-strong Airborne Regiment, there are 10 in Gwent, as field units shrink headquarters seems to grow — in the civilian world this would mean all management and support, without production. A senior officer once summed it up this way: it is easier to sell new general staff positions to politicians than it is to sell five new privates' jobs. Chiefs sell better than Indians, just as it is easier to convince the government to buy a multi-million dollar computer or communication system than new tanks or machine guns. The fact that the only reason for the existence of the general or the computer is the support of privates with machine guns seems to get lost in the bureaucracy.

Understanding what has happened in the past, perhaps you will forgive me for doubting the latest words of the current Minister of National Defence. He says up a new set command and speak of the need to cut back on manpower in order to create a better equipped, elite force. I've heard that one before. Elite means small; better equipped means nothing but the further application of spin and glue to what we have now. ☐

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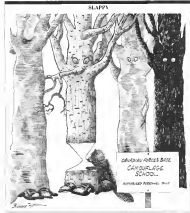
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# RAPE!

When our courts deal with the ultimate male rip-off, it's the victims who are often guilty until proven innocent

BY MYRNA KOSTASH

You stub out your cigarette before you go into the courtroom, inside, the atmosphere is almost crisp.

It must be the air-conditioning. Or the reverent faces of the court workers, the sleek wood-paneled walls, the mahogany bench and the judge's leather seat.

The defense lawyer walks in and I watch him with a combination of disgust and

astonishment. I am appalled by his flashy, golden-boy

hair, plump with self-assurance and self-indulgence.

He exudes cordiality with the Crown attorney, hands

on each other's shoulders, heads leaning together,

whisper whisper charm all of them, the Foreman, everyone sliding smoothly along

the tracks of acquittal rip-off.

As for the women, here I

stand respectfully near the dock, hands behind my

back, in a checked coat, not very expensive, long hair

drawn to his shoulders, a slight frown. He drives a

fleet's truck for a living. Why had I thought he

would be a grinning flag, a

refugee from a motorcycle gang, a pimp

in leather boots?

There is a jury of 12, eight

women. Office workers, a saleswoman, a

truck driver, a housewife, a teacher.

Usually, I think, some of them have felt

that moment of terror when they could

see their own ripe coming down on

them, the mercy of a wild decade

whatever it is this man will say to them.



poor impartial, speaks with blood

incomprehension and to others no opinion

whatsoever. No sense of humor.

Lanius asks the courtroom to give

her summary. She has short, curly

brown hair, wears a blouse and skirt and

a modest name. She seems fussy

poised and in control of herself. I wish

her luck.

Lanius says she had started off the

afternoon by visiting a male friend in his

apartment but it was too noisy

to talk so she suggested they

go to another place. They

went to her car where she

decided to go home instead.

He asked her up to his

apartment but she refused.

He then said he would drive

her home. He drove to a

park, saying it was a short-

cut and stopped the car. He

grabbed her by the hair,

kissed her and said, "Let's

make love, do you want to

do it inside or outside?" For

the first time, she felt he

could be violent like the

typical "Outside," got out of

the car and tried to get

away. He grabbed her again

and dragged her by the arm

down toward some bushes.

He removed her coat. He

threw her on the ground,

told her to take off the rest

of her clothes and sat

straddled across her stomach.

"If I do when you say,

will you take me home?"

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL



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## After raping her, he offered to drive her home. At the house, he suggested getting together the next evening for dinner

then rolled off and said "My God, what am I doing? I could get charged with rape." He suddenly changed again into someone friendly and said he'd drive her home. On the way, he stopped for cigarettes but by now she was too scared to try to run away. At the house, he asked for her telephone number and she gave it. He also suggested getting together the next evening for dinner. Inside the house she called the police.

So far, so good. The story seems plausible to me. Next round for the defendant's attorney.

He moves in for the cross-examination. I have read enough about rape trials to know this will not be polite. The lawyer indicates he is suspicious of the fact that she is an engaged woman, that she was in another man's company, that she was in no particular rush to get home, that she struck up a conversation with a strange man. "I just wanted a nice conversation." "None sense," he says. "You were having a lot of fun with him, you were enjoying yourself if you didn't ask him if he was married or engaged, and I suppose putting your arms around him was just a friendly gesture? You knew exactly what you were doing. Wouldn't you say you were going after this young man?" "No," Lorraine says. "I thought we had become friends."

At this point, Lorraine seems to be feeling uncomfortable, as though she were feeling guilty and remorseful and her heart aches. As if anticipating the way her actions will look to others, the ones in the jury room, as an unpleasant woman when all she need do is shoot out to this anonymous lawyer in a black frock that a woman can dispose of herself as she sees fit that women have a right to be affectionate without being thought of as "rape bait."

"I don't know," she says. "I guess you weren't going to that park to meet, that would be the last thing

you'd want to do, right? Why didn't you run into the restaurant where he went to buy cigarettes and yell that you were raped — you were absolutely so terrified? When the situation became unpleasant, why didn't you leave the car and take the bus home? Were you trying to encourage him? Were you spontaneous? The sex was over a few minutes but you were in the park for two hours

the doctor trying to dispute the medical findings, trying to prove that sexual intercourse did not take place."

Now I'm confused. Clearly, sexual intercourse is consistent with the evidence. Why doesn't Lorraine admit Brian raped her on and they went to the park to talk but that she never said yes to sexual sex? How likely is it that a man-steering woman would have sexual relations the first night of meeting someone?

Four days later, the jury weighs in. So, officially, the defendant is not a rapist and Lorraine made the whole thing up. She is, officially, a liar. The Crown took the unusual step of appealing the verdict, but unlike the Court of Appeal orders a new trial and it results in a conviction, she will stay a liar.

"I know I was raped, that's for sure," Lorraine says now. "If he can just get off the rape charge, then there's something wrong with justice in this society. Maybe if I had been a sociology professor or a priest, he would have been convicted."

"More respect should have been shown me at the trial. One woman juror was even laughing at me — it was after I had broken down. I was in such a nervous state. If I had been as together as I was at the preliminary hearing, he would have got what was coming to him. I remember wondering what was going on in his mind at the courtroom. I

watched him looking at the women jurors and I thought, 'Good help you if he got your address, maybe he's going after you next.'"

"After the appeal, I felt really relieved. Maybe if I had been killed, but to have to dismember to get there all to believe you?"

I suppose that somewhere between Lorraine's version and the defendant's lies the whole truth about the encounter. A muddled, pathetic, brutal account of two young people caught in games, games of better character, always knowing sexual situations, always getting caught. He was too creep with a switchblade in his pocket and an ashtray beer in his fist. She was a neighborhood sympath



— what were you doing there?"

"He would stop and stop my feet and massage my breasts." At this point she breaks down and cries. The judge orders a recess. As I stand up to leave the courtroom, I find that my knees are shaking violently.

The second day of the trial, two policemen testify that when they arrived at Lorraine's apartment, they found her "shaking very pale, on the verge of crying, speaking with difficulty, distraught, red-eyed." I am impressed and wonder if the jury, sitting stone-faced, is beginning to believe her story. A doctor from the hospital where the police had taken her testifies that the medical evidence supports her claims.

The defense lawyer cross-examines



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In 1971, 65 persons were convicted of rape. That's 54% of those charged. Our conviction rate for other criminal offenses is 86%

smuggling innocently along dark streets on a short cut. He did not, conditioned with lust, drag her kicking and screaming into an alley. What happened between them was considerably less sensational than the public fantasy of erotic violence and yet it is ultimately explicable in those very terms. The politics of pornography and the politics of heterosexual relationships are often located in the same area: the brutalization of women. When men rape, if one is to believe Norman Mailer (and why not?), they are punishing women, striking their own back, asserting sexual and grievance, impressing as men control themselves by the force and cruelty with which they can invade one bodies. Rape is only apparently a sexual crime.

In 1971, the most recent year for which statistics are available, 118 persons across Canada were charged with rape, but only 65 convictions were obtained. That's 54%. The conviction rate on indictable criminal offenses other than rape is 86%.

The number of rapes has increased dramatically since 1971. In 1973, in Metropolitan Toronto alone, there were 233 reported rapes, up 33% from 1972. Since everyone from the police to social workers estimates that reported rapes represent only one third to one fourth of those committed, the Metro figures become 699 to 2,336 actual rapes. From that perspective, rape can be seen as an expanding vulnerability, a security counterbalancing all other social offenses put together. Even if you put back all the reported rapes the Metro Toronto figures represent a 116% increase since 1967, and 1973 was a year during which crimes against property in Toronto declined by 20%. Perhaps crime is now deepening due to this appalling escalation in violence against women is the fact that for a crime that had somewhere between 200 and 2,336 victims, exactly 65 men were charged with the offense. It's no wonder that a lot of women are taking karate lessons.

The varieties of rape make your heart sick and your blood boil. A high school

student is raped by her father's card-playing buddy (between parties) and has an abortion. (No charges laid.) A 15-year-old girl is walking home from her girl friend's, she is pulled into a car by two men, driven to a sidewalk and raped. (Charges dismissed.) A 16-year-old is sitting in a room with three boys, she knows. They invite her to a party, saying other girls will be there, so

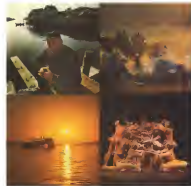
her consent, or by with her consent if the consent 1) is extorted by threats or fear of bodily harm, 2) is obtained by impersonating her husband, or 3) is obtained by false and fraudulent representations as to the nature and quality of the act." The maximum penalty for rape is life imprisonment.

As a raped woman, the Crown, theoretically, is on your side. The police and the courts are there to protect you and to seek justice from rapists. And as it must confess to having felt a little thrill of satisfaction at the rape trial I attended when a series of hard-chested, mustachioed police constables took the stand as witnesses for the Crown and described in a crisp, detached and incontrovertible way how "dubious" or "upset" or "dismayed" the victim was when they first saw her. For the first time in years I was absolutely willing to believe a policeman's word because it meant that the woman's story was confirmed and that he was her champion.

But that, of course, is only what he's paid to be. Many rape victims feel bitter and humiliated after their experience with the police. Teresa Moore from the Vancouver Rape Relief office says that when someone who's just been raped calls them and says she doesn't know if she wants to go to the police, "we tell her we won't lay any heavy police traps on her because we know how hard it is to go through that." If she decides to go to the police, Moore will accompany her. A worker in an Ontario rape crisis center told me about a police interrogation she witnessed in which the constable told the woman "I don't know your face but I'd recognize those breasts anywhere."

Police, in other words, can be like some other men in their sexual attitudes, judgement, self-righteousness, and committed to a sexual double standard. And the ordeal of the inevitable police interrogation, during which the victim is asked again and again for details of the rape, what he did and what she did, how she felt, how "it" felt, what he said and what she said, is precisely what keeps the majority of rape victims

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## When the victim gets to court she is terrified of her attacker and feeling ashamed, "dirty," sexless and depressed

from reporting the attack.

Several weeks later, there, to talk with Sergeant Robert Lyons said recently a number of the Department of Research and Planning at the Metropolitan Toronto Police Headquarters. I wanted an explanation from him about the nature of the police investigation, why women didn't and just what the motives are behind the policemen's questions.

"One of the questions we have to ask," he said, "is if the had sexual intercourse with her husband in the past 24 hours or if she had intercourse with any male for that matter. Then we will want to find out what that man's blood group is because the analysis could very easily come up with three blood groups. We check the undergarments of the victim because we're hoping to come up with rubber hair belonging to the suspect if and when we make an arrest, all of this will be evidence adding to the suspect. It tightens the net around the man."

"When we go down to court, the Crown has to prove that someone did in fact have sexual intercourse with this woman. If the Crown's report in the police and doesn't go to the hospital for the examination, and the lab people don't come to court and say, yes, we did find spermatozoa, and we ask, what you end up with is the word of the complainant against the word of the person who has been arrested."

"There are questions that are asked that are embarrassing both to the victim and to the officer. You're asking this strange woman of any age, now when was the last time you had sexual intercourse prior to this offense? You want to find out because you have to relate this information to the crime lab. You have to ask a young girl if she was a virgin before the offense because you'll want to be able to tell the Crown attorneys that prior to the rape that was a 21-year-old virgin with a steady boyfriend and now you have a man charged with rape who says he goes to the victim's house late at night, this woman was how she looked like on. You've got to have a blow by blow description. If the was

held for two hours and he had her up and performed oral copulations on her, you've got to know that when you go to court."

By the time a victim does get to court, she's been "processed" by a group of men, photographed, interrogated, poked and prodded by them, the way or they may not have been treated for the possibility of VD, pregnancy and trauma she

trial in September Court John Kerr, Crown Prosecutor, describes it. That way "Often only one witness is called and that would be the victim. She gives her evidence, the lawyer for the defense has the opportunity to cross-examine her, which he does in great length because he's anxious to find out every single aspect of the case. How they met, the circumstances of the rape, what led up to it, did she scream, did she fight him off, did she do this, did she do that? If so, why not? The manner of the assault." Almost invariably, however, the accused is committed to trial.

The police are supposed to have worked out the probable cause before they get to court. But even they can be fooled, according to Kerr. "We all know that the police get a lot of phony complaints. She may have broken up with her boyfriend — and half hath to try like a woman accused. There are some women who are emotionally disturbed. They've gone on bed with someone, but low down got upset about it, they think they've been used and so forth." Often, after two to three days, she will come to her senses and realize she hasn't been raped at all, she's just upset. But there might be a situation in which the woman could be in the police station and well, in effect, that the police is the first witness."

It's by this reasoning that the victim is subjected to innumerable interrogations and ruthless cross-examinations.

The trial itself is in the heart of the matter. Is it, the Crown has to establish three things that prosecutions occurred, that the accused did it and that the complainant did not consent; if there is any reasonable doubt about any of these three conditions, the jury is bound to acquit. Since at the majority of cases, the defense will admit that intercourse did take place, the issue becomes: did the woman consent? Kerr admits that, in fact, the victim's credibility becomes the major issue, and there is a strong suspicion inside that victims are usually more likely to say the truth than non-victims. That sounds absurd, but in the words of Toronto defense lawyer

Francis Foy, is the man's view. "If the victim is not a virgin, particularly if she has a great deal of sexual experience, consent is not as unlikely as it would be in the case of a virgin."

At the point when the defense moves in with his cross-examination of the victim, the nature of her relationships with men, her personal habits and appearance, the dynamics of the trial have shifted radically. The procedure has become one of "proving" that, because of her character, the victim is not a "nice" girl and therefore is unlikely to have withheld her consent.

If the question of consent does not totally damage the woman's integrity, lack of convincing corroborative evidence is not enough. If the woman was long to report the rape, if she took a bath immediately after, if she went straight home without mentioning the incident to anyone, if she had no visible signs of bruising or not ripped areas, if eight months later she doesn't collapse in a nervous heap in the witness stand while telling about the experience, there will be little material or other evidence that she was raped, and it's her word against his. Since he doesn't have to make the woman stand and she will be cross-examined, you can see what's going to happen. "There is much more likelihood of a conviction," says Kerr. "If the woman is of average moral character than if she isn't." There is no doubt about that; James are known. They take things into consideration."

Meaning, I suppose, they reflect popular moral attitudes. They "take into consideration" the belief that you can tell a "good" girl from a "bad" girl by the way she looks and talks and lives and that if she's "good" nobody would ever dream of raping her. If she's "good" all the has to do is say no.

Men and women live part of their lives in each other's mythology. Cowboys and women walk into towns and carry off the women they want over the ramp of their horses. Roman soldiers drag away the flaky Sabine women whose eyes turn in anxious supplication to heaven, the princess is observed from her tower by the watchman knight. The recurring images of assault and subordination in our literature, music, film and paintings drive home that, for most women subconsciously really do want to be taken by force and, for women that they are in fact perpetually available. We all learn to believe in the mystique of female weakness. By the time most women are grown up they act in this one pocket force, putting their own actions for fear of making a wrong move and exposing themselves to dis-

grace. Women learn to see themselves as potential victims.

Some women, however, are no longer playing victim. They are setting up rape crisis centers all across North America in one of our danger cities and conducting their own research and still help programs. In Vancouver a group operates a 24-hour crisis phone line and accompaniment service — they will send a volunteer and a paid worker with a rape victim to the police and the hospital, help her children get in touch with her employer if the fact is to be hospitalized. If she decides to press charges, they will be in court every what the prosecution will be in court.

Strangely, few women have used the

Victimcenter center for its original purpose — immediate help after a rape — but instead according to Teresa Moore, "The women who call have been raped sometime in the past. They phone us and say things like, 'I'm 30 years old and I was raped when I was 18 and I've only just admitted it. Can I talk to you about it?'"

Sean Cockerton, who conducts self-defense classes and works with the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre, has observed what happens to women who have accepted the experience of being raped. "When I tell the women they can deal themselves, there's no need to get raped, they think, 'Why did I get raped?' Maybe I really wanted to be?" These first re-



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"The worst thing about this experience is wondering if it's going to happen again"

tion after the rape is shock and withdrawal and they carry on. Rape. They feel ashamed and hate the "horrible fact" that they have been a victim. They'll self-censor, express hostility toward the rapist, they're more hostile toward themselves. Why did it happen to me, why did I let it happen, was it my fault?"

Most men and a lot of women believe that rape is a kind of seduction and, if a woman is raped, that some where deep down she really did want to be. "That's why a lot of guys don't have any consciences of having done something wrong, of not really pleasing the woman," says Barbara Buchman of the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre. "They ask their victims questions like 'Did you enjoy it?'" Doctors, policemen and lawyers ask that question too. Buchman tells the story of the gynecologist who told the centre staff that "there is one type of woman I would have a hard time believing was raped, a woman between 16 and 35, on the pill and no longer a virgin."

As Susan Cookman points out, it is important that women at least take a look at the prevailing myths about rape and explain why people believe in them. Why do some men use force and then refuse sexual intercourse even though they would like to do it? Why are some rape victims charged with gay or lesbian? Why do they think they are not at fault? What exactly is going on here?

Until 1988 when American criminologist Minakawa Amar carried out an extensive study of rape (it's the only systematic research on the subject at all) and collected the names of "victim-prone" rape, almost all of the academic discussion about the crime was concerned with the actions of the offender, not the victim. Traditionally, the victim had been seen either as an innocent virgin preyed upon by a lusty and lustful man or as a tramp who "asked" for it. With the notion of victim-prone rape, the analysis of the reasons behind rape became more subtle but not necessarily more useful.

Victim-prone rape is defined by Amar as "those rape situations in which the victim actually, or as it was perceived by the offender (taken most) agreed to sexual relations but resisted before the actual act or did not resist strongly enough for the aggression to be regarded by the offender(s)." Sexual responsible ideas are upheld in this definition besides the conventional notion that raped women somehow "asked" for it. "Victimology" puts the primary

emphasis on what the victim was doing, why he or she was attractive to the offender, if there was anything peculiar about the victim that was selected. In a way it makes good sense to recognize that in order for a criminal act to take place there must be an offender and a victim, both to be part of the event happening. But what Amar suggests is that some women may actually be responsible for the experience a man makes of their behavior. Should we believe that women who have been sexually assaulted committed the parasitic fantasy of arousing some unsuspecting male and lured him in somehow?

Surely, there is a difference between the terror of being physically assaulted by a hostile attacker and the pleasure of a fantasy in which you are probably made love to by the man of your choice. To confuse the two is to make the gross error of judgment about female sexuality. It is not reasonable to expect women to examine their own responsibility. It implies that we can blame the victim in part, when a rape occurs.

In a way, most women seem to accept the victimology that victimizes. As if to protect themselves from the masculine imagination, we barricade ourselves behind locked doors, avoid looking at strangers on the street, and every nerve alive with dread we walk in fear when we're alone at night.

I remember the horror stories: the almost inverted fairy tales about male sexuality that I was told just about the time I was old enough to walk. I remembered being ostracized in a quiet kind of fear and terror, being warned about strange men with crazy offerings, young boys in gangs in schoolyards, young men with car-truck raids. I learned to be "careful" by the time I was five. And it's not that these scenarios are without foundation in reality, little girls are murdered, boys are convicted by reliable testimony. The important aspect of this demonic education is surely that some women are taught to a not-so-subtle way that they are helpless before the threatening male sexuality.

In their booklet, *Rape: The Crime Against Women*, the writers at the centre's Rape Crisis Centre describe the situation succinctly: "The man comes to the confrontation knowing that he is strong and capable, he has no doubt about his ability to defeat a woman."

(Women) have been taught to fight virtually devoid of physically. Moreover we have developed a consensus for the rights and feelings of others that is not matched by an equal concern for our own. Brought up to avoid dangerous situations instead of learning to live with them, we do not both our physical ability to fight off an attacker and our right to hurt him in order to stop him from hurting us. Under the circumstances no wonder the attacker is so confident — women have been trained to throw the fight."

Physically malnourished, verbally abused, psychologically battered by the experience, rape victims often suffer a double victimization.

Six months after the rape trial, Lorraine is stunned and is still trying to get herself back to the point where she can study and work again. After the rape, she had to quit nursing school because she found the couldn't concentrate, read a book or keep her mind focused on anything. She spent weeks waking night after night screaming from violent nightmares and finally went to a psychiatrist. And it was several weeks after her marriage before she could have to have sex with her husband.

"My nerves are shot," Lorraine says. "I haven't been out at night alone. I won't go to Mac's Milk alone. No way I won't take the chance. I don't even talk to anybody I don't know, especially not a 'buddy' my boss the hard way." The "buddy" she learned the hard way is that "a nice society woman cannot go out and drink alone. She's not permitted." When he first learned of the rape, the man she married told her she had "remembered" it by being alone as a bar on the first place. "But I didn't drink. I was doing anything wrong. It was only evening and I had come in with a friend I wasn't drinking myself. On the next hand, I guess it was pretty silly of me to stay alone drinking in the bar late on the other hand, I had a right to be alone. When I left, I supposed to be, anyway — just sitting in a cell not having anything to do with people!"

"The worst thing about this whole experience is wondering if it's going to happen again. Every man, every man, a potential rapist. Every single man."

The women at the rape crisis centre, who helped her through the trial, have encouraged Lorraine to study law. "They say I have the mind for it, that I could help other women. I do want to

help, even in my own small way. When I feel stronger, I'm going to work at the centre."

When we who have not been raped live our lives out by avoiding dangerous situations and confrontations by living in fear of rape the result is that we become victims too, our actions our lives are severely controlled by what might be going on in men's minds. Such theories as victim precipitation defect are flawed dealing with the root causes of rape, and fix our thinking on false solutions.

the changing of the victim. Golda Meir was the first woman to point out that it's not who should be looked up at night to make the streets safe for the rest of us. Blaming the victim means you can believe that women are raped because we are inattentive and lusty, and not because our political and sexual exploitation makes us every man's pushing bag. ☐

This is the first of two articles on rape by Sylvia Knowlton.



## It was a great week.

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# THE PRIME OF MS. JUDY LAMARSH

At 50, the bird in a gilded cage is flying freer than ever

BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

Judy LaMarsh leans forward in her armchair, blinking slightly in the glare of the TV studio lights. "You are known as a mutter doubter," she says, frowning her male guest with an eye lowered and supported by glasses, look at the bottom of pop bottles. "What makes you tick?" The man squirms, blanches, coughs and makes giddy noises with his mouth. Judy waits, silent. She fills the moment, still fat but slimmer now than the obese woman who quit the Pearson government in 1968; her face is pale, moon-like, her glasses ovalish, horn-rimmed, her hair the base of her customer cropped short. When the man finally answers, she beams at him with her radiant smile, the six-to-eight smile which transforms her suddenly into a beautiful woman. "I always smile for pictures," she says. "Because my face is repeat looks like I'm going to tear the head off somebody."

At 50, she is still the familiar figure of the newspaper photographs and cartoons but after, mature, relaxed like Indians, confidence, goodwill and control a far different woman from the tense, bordering mountains of green knuckle in black velvet stockings I met during the election campaign of 1961. She is stripped down now, bare of the blond wig and three-inch dangling earrings, the feathered hair and strings of chunky beads that made her a pro-segular paragon; devoid of the silver lace stockings and red vinyl boots in which she used to show off her shapely legs. Instead there is a tattoo on the back of her office at Ogilvie Hall Law School in Toronto showing a man with his trousers rolled up over his knobby knees and a female extensive saying "She's hot, she's got great legs." Five years as the only woman in the Liberal cabinet made Judy LaMarsh one of Canada's most ardent advocates for women's rights.

"Most ministers who leave government go on to half-dozen boards and their friends rally around," she says. "That certainly didn't happen to me. I've never even been offered an appointment

by the government. I looked for a job in Toronto and was rebuffed because I was a woman. Oh, I've had lots of frustration but I always thought I was limited in myself. It came in one of the biggest surprises to find there were others who had the same frustrations. I always used to think, well, there's nothing I can do about it. That's the way things are. I found out there are lots of things that can be changed. I've been very lucky in having opportunities to go to work some of the things I've learned. I've been able to grow."

Instead of fading into genteel retirement when she left the government after five years as Minister of National Health and Welfare and Secretary of State, Judy wrote her autobiography, *Memories Of A Bird In A Gilded Cage*, an explosive account of her years as a Liberal MP which established her as a merciless political critic and literary celebrity. She had her own TV shows in Quebec and took a job as host of a radio hostess program in Vancouver, the most brutally competitive market in Canada where she quickly topped the long Jack Webster in the ratings. In 1974 she returned to the east to teach law at Osgoode Hall, the quiet respectable school from which she had graduated as president of her class in 1960. Her schedule in juggling the is a director of Unity Bank and a member of the Ontario Council on the phone-in television show takes two hours every Sunday night, she wears a weekly column for the Toronto Star and appears as a political commentator on CBC radio. Judy frequently turns up at meetings for reform in family and divorce law, attends fundraisers and hosts herself out as guest speaker for every thing from the Canadian Bar Association to the manufacturers of frozen foods. "The speeches and kinds of things I've been asked to do are more embarrassing now," she says with satisfaction. "I'm much more respectable."

"Judy is everywhere," says a magazine editor. "What's she up to?"

His phone rings. She giggles, shows money. "Call me back when you find

out how much you can pay." Judy is very hard-nosed about money. It shocks some people. "Some people think an excellent minister should just sit on her hands behind and stare," she says. She earns a lot and spends a lot, but her things she believes in her time is free.

"What makes you tick?" I ask. She grins. "Momentaries I guess."

The telephone is dialing as a minister of her age. Judy is engaged in a common conversation. She talks in a stately, measured, stirring words, dropping for us, a tough-edged voice language liberally laced with mild profanity which tends to conceal her intelligence and identify her with the common man.

Trying to see her I felt I was hacking my way through the Endangered Fetus toward the Sleeping Beauty. Even at the end, after weeks of dogged persistence, the final encounter remains elusive. Instead, "You want to see me?" she says calmly, brushing by as I so politely by her office door. I am not in the role of humble supplicant, coarcted, lower, my voice is small, almost apologetic, my manner confident. I seek to please. I find myself stuck on my knees playing in the office pot. There is no doubt about who is the stronger woman. There is an instant, almost sexual tension in the air, we are willing each other out. There is a million thoughts in the air, a quality in her, a quality impressed by her real name—Judy Verlyn LaMarsh ("My name" she said once "sounds like something that should be up in lights over a vampire's shoulder"). I am Allen, the Queen of Pleists. I was understood, now why don't you fascinated by her power and terrified of her sting, and how this ambivalent relationship has made her outstandingly successful in politics and then almost destroyed her.

She was elected to the House of Com-

monwealth is a contributing editor of *Maclean's*. This article is excerpted from the book, *Her Own Woman: Profiles of 16 Canadian Women*, to be published by Macmillan in April.



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## She was our No. 1 Spinster in 1964

man on Halloween 1960. She was 35 and one of the "nice people" of Niagara Falls, as the press in She had practiced law with her father W. C. Laidlaw, a dead-in-the-wool Liberal, for seven years ("We fought like cats and dogs all the time") and belonged to just about every civic and charitable organization in Niagara Falls. She organized her constituency thoroughly working with the women, and campaigned aggressively in the elections. "I was," she says, "a fairly-poorly female afraid to speak up for her constituents." She won by 3,000 votes. Her opponent just saved his deposit, the only one who has. When she got to Ottawa, she learned, hardly that she was alone.

"No one on the Liberal side gave less of a damn whether I was there or not. I sat there for a month and then I started to talk. They were a little surprised. In this way, I think they thought women were there as a nuisance, that it was a freak election that I got there and I ought to be modestly pleased with that and not try to contribute."

Judy had embraced a passionate devotion to the Liberal party and the gift of all great politicians, no amount of interest for a hot political issue: an army veteran and hawk on military matters, she was aware of the Diefenbaker government's weakness on defense long before the Liberal hierarchy. She and Paul Hellyer urged Pearson to take a stand in favor of nuclear arms for Canada's NATO friends the more that would help the Liberals back into power in 1963. When the Liberals formed the government after that election, Judy was appointed to the health and welfare ministry. She was strong, intelligent with 17 years of service to the Liberal Party and she was the only woman.

"She was No. 1 Spinster in Canada," *Weekend magazine* hailed her in 1964. Columnists such as Doug Fergus, a former associate from the University of Toronto, described her as "an odd bird" a drill sergeant in jackboots, "a cross-dressed-up Charlotte Whiston." No one knew how to deal with Judy outside the conventional stereotypes — she was a twisting old maid or she was bitch. She was socially ostracized by her cabinet colleagues and other MPs. "It's true that I had lunch with one or another of my colleagues as an informal way more than a handful of times. They simply didn't think of calling me and I hesitated to call them." She was cut off from contact with people selected by her position from several relationships with men.

"It was sexual hostility, a feeling that I was a threat in a close shop, not only that but it was a male close shop and I should just not draw attention to my presence. The moves were hostile but I was a lot better looking in those days and I think I let myself get as much as anything to do something about that. I've noticed since I've looked like this that there's probably no hostility from women. I guess they don't think I'm any kind of challenge."

"Women made me uncomfortable. I really didn't know women until I got out of government. I had school friends but I had never formed any female friendships in my adult years. I had a great friend in college and she lived in Ottawa. We had lunch together one day and never saw each other after that. Maybe they felt diminished and threatened by me. I haven't any idea. I was scared of them because my life had been so different. I had lived in a male world since I was 18, in the army in college as a lawyer."

Judy was the second of three children. Her youth in Chatham, Ont. and Niagara Falls was in every way respectable. She was a good student but had better academic than she did at exams. She read more magazines, kept a diary in French which she spoke as a secret language with her girl friends ("In Niagara Falls it was a secret language") and worried about boys.

"I didn't date very much at high school. I was, I suppose, late in coming to any awareness of boys in that way. I was always everybody's friend, taught them all how to dance, and popular people in things like elected office and stuff. I would have two or three male friends and I always had a date for a dance or something but they weren't the kind of boys or anything like I'm sure I was about the third or fourth person they'd asked. And that distressed me when I was in high school. My mother said, 'You're the kind of person who'll be more popular when you're older.' I was not experimental about sex. God I think I was a virgin and I was about 28. And that's after I was in the army from 18 to 21."

"I always wanted to be a lawyer. I don't think any father ever accepted that I was going to be a lawyer and I left college and went to Osgoode. I had never discussed it with him. I had always planned to go to university. I had assumed it. When I graduated from high school my dad said, 'No, I can't do that. I don't have the money and your brother is coming along.' I gave him. It was the biggest shock of my life, so he told I couldn't go to university."

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# CAROLINA ON MY MIND

The joys of warming up to history and sunshine  
by ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

For when I was a kid I've read that *William First Snow* is a euphemism for *Kitty Hawk*, a vague place of flying squirrels and berries, but no real location. A while ago when my wife and I drove across the Virginia-North Carolina state line we decided to find it.

We turned east along U.S. 158 through some tame tobacco and cotton country just past the Coastal Division Swamp, where we listened to a bearded beggar dorp inside a cypress forest that draped over the water like a thick daisy thread and reached the ocean at the northern end of the 120-mile ring of islands called the Outer Banks. This is a remote region reached from the mainland in the north and by bridges some of which are two miles long and at the south end by ferry. Driving down Hatteras

*Robert Thomas Allen is a writer and author of the recently published book, *How To Survive The Age Of Travel*.*

Island is like being lost in the middle of the Atlantic on wheels. The only visible land is the strip you're on and the gully coast along about 10 feet above your car wheel.

The Outer Banks are a melancholy place in mid-winter (as were there on Christmas Eve) the shattered summer homes staring at the dunes in the late afternoon sun as if they're all thinking of something. We got a room at a nearby campsite Holiday Inn and it went for a walk on the beach, a spooky place at night the waves sounding as if they're plotting to slip around behind you and hook you out to sea.

This is the region where the English made their first attempt at a North American colony. Sir Walter Raleigh sponsored a but all he got out of his investment (estimated in terms of today's money at around \$200,000) was some seeds of tobacco plants which the Indians grew in their gardens like pot

Raleigh planted the seeds at his estate at Wygham, Ireland. The colony, or rather the second one (the first group gave up and went back to England) disappeared completely and it isn't known yet what happened to them.

We drove into the village of Kitty Hawk next morning. A woman who had come out of a store with a loaf of Southern bread (this isn't the southern bread that advertises "No holes," but it tastes about the same like foam rubber) told me that people were always coming into Kitty Hawk asking about the place where the Wright brothers flew their plane, but it took place down the road a piece at Kill Devil Hill.

This is a big solitary mound with a few jumpers as its slopes, all leaning away from the ocean. There's a monument on top so the Wright brothers about a half a mile to the north there's a museum with a replica of their plane. It was all closed Christmas Day but I



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## Most of Charleston's old Georgian houses are occupied by descendants of the Englishmen who built them in the 1700s

found a way to over a back fence and I was the only one on Ball David Hill that day. There are two small streets of Whitby and Greenville. The streets are mostly one-way streets. There is a small growth. Fallow leaves lie on the ground, with no snow to cover them, giving the feeling of a Canadian fall. When you go down into some quiet looking spot to look at a house, you can see the old stone wall of the north of Society Hill. South Carolina, marking the grave of a Colonel Abel Koth "killed by looking terror". You suddenly see a river through a thick face of branches and feel you're the first one who ever found it.

Marriage have a map in the jar just right for your first breakfast of grass. One of the great books of the world, a course when carnal with a flower companion grass and his house and all things. You get a date for two of water, one and one of salt and pepper and you can hardly bring yourself to stop eating a little enough to have your house and eggs. You can probably get your own in Midway Hill, Alberta, but then seem to have a special meaning in the Caribbean, where you can look out the, beautiful window at the sea glancing off the magnolia and alders and the dogwood berries and perhaps a small stone wall in a barbed wire fence as if the whole world had just been under a pillow, light and it takes you back to a world of green glass windows and wooden doors on hotel verandas.

The Caribbees take in a big segment of the eastern United States, extending about 500 miles in from the coastal regions to the Appalachians, which in the region are called the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Great Smoky Mountains.

back went along U.S. 84 on the south side of Albemarle Sound and turned south through Fayetteville. The roads were mostly one-way streets. There is a small growth. Fallow leaves lie on the ground, with no snow to cover them, giving the feeling of a Canadian fall. When you go down into some quiet looking spot to look at a house, you can see the old stone wall of the north of Society Hill. South Carolina, marking the grave of a Colonel Abel Koth "killed by looking terror". You suddenly see a river through a thick face of branches and feel you're the first one who ever found it.

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descript charts off hard to read, wandering into them and getting lost. But in the distance everything is sunny and cheerful and as safe as a deer's back and it's pleasant surprise to walk around the streets of the old town. Most of the white-pillared Georgian looking like houses down near the waterfront are occupied by Charlestown well-to-do many. In the descendants of the Englishmen who built the houses in the 1700s. You can peer through one gateway at a slightly empty back garden and money back driveway (a booklet entitled *Marine Charlestown* published by the James Loring 315) gives the location and history of the houses. Some are open to the public for a few dollars admission fee like the Heyward-Washington house built in 1770 by a race planter whose son was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was later occupied by George Washington. The women who live in the house are knowledgeable and allowed and I am not leaving you alone, and it's great to hang back from the other guests and stand in a push of sunlight on a faded old rug looking in a neglected bed room. Washington's waking up there, and wondering whether he started thinking up ways about carrying on the work of the American Revolution, or just lay there for a while, the way we do, and wonder what life was. All about the work done by the men of the morning all to just about under Charlestown.

### HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

Most Charleston and Charleston drive to the Caribbees, it's about 1,000 miles from Buffalo to Charleston and about 1,200 if you go via Philadelphia, New York. There are good wide highways from each point, but keep in mind that there is still a 35-mph speed limit in force throughout the U.S. which will add about half a day in your driving time. If you fly, return fare is \$165 from Toronto to Charleston, \$175 from Montreal. There are no direct flights, you will have to change in either New York or Washington. There are plenty of hotels in both Charleston and Fayetteville, and the rates range from \$30-50 double for Howard Johnson's in Fayetteville to \$35 at the Mills Hotel House in Charleston.

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by Elaine Collier



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# IF HOCKEY HAD A GODFATHER, HE'D BE KEN MCKENZIE

By Stan Fischler

Daddy Keweenaw, entrepreneur and hockey nut, would have approved of Ken McKenzie, entrepreneur and hockey nut. With a qualification of fact, holism and asynchrony, he turned a \$400 stake into a door-mat-sized fortune and is now, at age 51, the undisputed emperor of hockey publishing. His Montreal-based Dutch Inc. publishes *Hockey News*—a weekly, and two monthlies—*Hockey Personal* and *Hockey World*.

Ken's *Hockey News* circulation (130,000 weekly) has become the *Forbes* of the game, indispensable to the end fan and a must for every executive. One might assume that with his pocket full with gold, and with the hockey news literally under his thumb and typewriter finger, McKenzie would encourage flawless reporting by talented writers. Right?

Wrong. "It's a publishing atrocity," says Dick Bodden of the *Globe and Mail*. "The writing is literally mediocre compared to what it could be and I resent such mediocrity." Toronto Sun columnist Trust Fitzmaurice adds: "The establishment is always right in *Hockey News*. The stories read like *Problems*. As far as objectivity, it's nothing but a loose organ [for the NHL]."

This is hardly surprising considering the publication's roots. *Hockey News* was born and bred in the NHL's Montreal office in 1947 when McKenzie was an NHL publicist. With a grand total of \$383.81, and Clarence Campbell's blessing, he shopped out *Hockey News* circulars on the NHL's autograph machine and got his weekly off the ground and flying high within a year. It weathered pro-hockey's recession in the early 1950s and turned positively bullish when the NHL expanded from six to 12 teams in 1967. Investors across the continent began taking note of McKenzie's money machine.

Among the more astute observers were the investment capitalists from Whitley Communications, Whitley, which also publishes *Investor Digest*, *Art In America* and *Recreation Living*. Paul McKenzie, an estimated four million dollars for 80% of the *Hockey News* stock. McKenzie kept his remaining 20%, contracted on as publisher, president, column man and chief policy-maker. Daddy would have approved.

The paper sells in the U.S., Liberia, Malaysia and just about every point north, east, south and west. And that's where its success strength and irremovable attention lie. Pick up a copy and you'll learn about the Tampa-Riviera Division, the Winston-Salem Point, the Philadelphia Flyers and the Columbus Owl, not to mention the Montreal Canadiens and Toronto Maple Leafs.

McKenzie has been threatened with direct competition only twice. In 1972, World Hockey Association publisher Leo Meade began publishing a weekly, *The Hockey Spectator*, which was partially funded by the WHA. It folded in the middle of the 1973-74 season. Ed Clark, a young man from Vancouver, branched a publication called *Hockey Journal* in September 1971. He moved it to Toronto last fall, hoping to grab a piece of McKenzie's vast market. Within three months Clark had run out of cash and at last report was



desperately seeking new investors to keep it alive.

"The guys who ran *The Hockey Spectator* were stupid," says McKenzie, because they were doing too many other things and not concentrating on the paper. The guys even sort of my energy and blood, sweat and tears over eight 1971 *Hockey News* and I will sell \$40,000 worth of advertising each month. As for *Hockey Journal*, there were two mistakes — the guy came out monthly instead of weekly and he was underfinanced."

If McKenzie made any financial mistakes in building his empire, they have not been apparent. "I drink all the *Hockey News*," says Ken, "when I go to bed at night and last thing when I wake up in the morning."

But to journalistic purists, Ken has made many other mistakes, not the least of which is tolerating the inferior quality of *Hockey News* prose. "Hockey News," says *Sports Illustrated* executive editor Marty Bell, "reads a lot's mentality this went out with white backs."

"Where his publications are concerned," says Montreal *Sports Illustrated* editor Rod Fisher, "Ken comes out as wrong as a crane of purple. I'm full of admiration for what he accomplished because he shrugged off the rage — all valid — with a laugh and a wink. I wouldn't say he's discolored, but the elephant gun has not yet been invented that can hang him down."

The NHL begs 100 copies a week for distribution to its media friends. "You've got to give McKenzie credit," says New York sporting goods operator Mike Conky, who sells *Hockey News* in his Madison Square Garden Shop. "He built the empire all by himself. Sure he made peace with the NHL, but it was a case of succeeding or failing. If you were at war with the NHL, you didn't succeed."

Now that all compromise is gone the inevitable question is, who's going to keep *Hockey News* honest?

Consider the deaths of both competing publications, combined with McKenzie's growing wealth, may have emboldened him on the point of turning the publication into a candid, rough-edged paper while retaining the best of its encyclopedic trappings. McKenzie promises as much.

"If *Hockey News* has been blind in the past," Ken insists, "it won't be in the future. We're going to hit the best writers and report the facts as they are."

It's difficult to imagine *Hockey News* taking it like it is, especially if an NHL governor goes to bed. Such a ruler could mean, as it has in the past, a phone call to McKenzie telling him to "cut out that negative crap or we'll run *Hockey News* out of our rack."

Nevertheless such advice wouldn't be very wise. "If any of them try to push me too hard now," says McKenzie with a confident grin, "they'll get a night's work. Now I've got more money than half these NHL owners."

Ken McKenzie is a journalist, author of several books and a former columnist for the *Hockey News*.

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# AGATHA CHRISTIE: MURDER WITH A TOUCH OF CLASS

By John Hoots

A Canadian or American might someday produce a film as refined and elegant as *Murder On The Orient Express*, though given the state of our local service one is more likely to encounter official than genuine and mechanical trouble outside of terms. We know about murder all right, it's the Orient Express part that eludes us.

The film, directed by Sidney Lumet, from a vintage Agatha Christie novel (published in North America as *Murder On The Calais Coach*, 1934) with 14 major stars (Albert Finney, Ingrid Bergman, Vanessa Redgrave, John Gielgud, Richard Briers, Sean Connery, Lauren Bacall, etc.), among them is further proof that whether Britain's individual, economic and political problems it remains culturally indecipherable, the current Broadway season would be wholly unacceptable without its British imports (*Les Femmes d'Alger*, *Amadeus*, *Death of a Salesman*, *Macbeth*, *Habes* to name a few of the best). North American service would be starved for sophisticated work as not for British programs such as *Crumb*, *Secret Of A Man*, *Masterpiece Theatre*, *Moby Dick's* *First Circle* among many others. Judging by the way people are being up for *Murder On The Orient Express* a lot of Britons have a need for its inimitable mode of drama.

In the 30-odd years that Agatha Christie has been publishing, her works, more than 800, have sold more than 100 million copies. Her films have been made from her immensely popular stories, and none better than *Great Expectations* (the makers of *Two Little Indians* and *And Then There Were None* (same story, filmed twice), *Witness For the Prosecution* or the Miss Marple series (which became a delightful vehicle for the late Margaret Rutherford) but a lot of Christie's stories the cinema — *inspired* — in her work, whereas Sidney Lumet obviously perceives that Christie is primarily a commentator on existence and man.

These are other mystery writers who, like for like, plot for plot, are superior to Dore Agatha but they don't do it for the same reason. Christie's special appeal, I suggest, is due to her unrelenting classic definition "mystery" as the presentation of two unlikely objects, images or ideas, producing shock or amazement — a classic example being the dead dandy draped over a piano in *Silverchair* (Bills and Lisa Bonet's *On Ches* *Andalus* (1978). Even the title here, *Murder On The Orient Express* (1978) being *The Body In The Library* — *Murder In A Manservant* etc.) reveals Christie's penchant for combining acts of violence with gentility, upper-class, social environments. In America where readers can (and do) take place anywhere, where nothing is sacred (not even Martin Luther King's mother using hymns in her church as some of surrealism is possible) Christie's England, however, is a country of strong inhibitory control over unruly impulses, similar in the wrong place, at the wrong time, by the wrong means is *just* as bad. An IRA bomb at Harold's street just a danger to life and limb, it's unacceptably vulgar "There are some things that just aren't done, old boy."

Christie's view of life is reassuring and wishful thinking; one

might say it up their nose of us as strangers to evil and acts of violence, but have faith, the world of manners, democracy, taste and intellectual use of money — the economists of elegance — will prevail. Given film, especially people like Hercule Poirot, Miss Marple, Tuppence and Poirot. Reconsider, the chain of being is that everyone knows their place will remain intact, and all these women criminals and political rogues who threaten our peace of mind and social stability will be converted, exposed and punished. Now let's have another cup of tea.

While all the stars in *Murder On The Orient Express* do their bit to make Christie's use of public society subjective and compelling, the principal cast of the film is a masterpiece of Geoffrey Chaucer (who also did the outstanding work on *1984*: *A Space Odyssey* and *Cahoon*). For the first time Christie's social world is centered in all of its splendor and essence.

It captures every essence of Christie's world on the stage, in the costumes, dress, ritual, customs of conversation and refinement of behavior. Of course there is a necessity being played out here — a murder, a case to be solved, interrogations, deductions, and a surprise ending — but what matters most is the glamour and poise of Christie's chosen people serving up another feast to their lifestyle.

One need only compare Christie's world to that of the popular American television serial Columbia to grasp the crucial ideological difference between the two societies. Columbia stories also take place among the upper-class, but unlike Christie's *Herbert* Poirot who approaches despite Columbia's *Herbert* Poirot, it is the real world, wait till I tell the wife — "If you've ever wondered why this stage-smoking, sub-dropping, lower-middle-class bumbler with his disheveled Nash Rambler and equally odd, sordid trench coat never investigates crime at low-life, lower-class dummies and always pits his wit against master criminals who are rich, famous, intelligent, respectable and (that's right) ruthlessly evil. It is because we are at a distance from with "wonderful" so much to wish socially intrusive busy lives. Columbia's message is that America's strength lies with its common man; he may be gauche but by God he'll save the country from all these overreaching, overbearing members of an elite class. Columbia is as suspicious and cynical about the upper classes in *Murder On The Orient Express* as about the vulgar, aristocratic women elite.

Christie's antipathy for a passing age and her acute sensitivity at the prospect of widespread social change in England is no longer the lament of a solitary aristocrat. Millions of middle-class people now feel their comparatively secure life of the pleasures and passions of life to be equally threatened by inflation and a population constantly growing larger and more unmanageable. What she felt, they now feel. The Orient Express is a symbol for all the graceful and beautiful things which time and careless people destroy. Sooner or later a scene of loss comes to us all.

# ON A MACLEAR DAY YOU COULD WATCH FOREVER

By Philip Marchand

Not so long ago, whenever the producers of Canadian television programs would to congratulate themselves, they could always bring up the subject of public information themes. They are among the best in the world, they would say. Sure, the American invented *I Love Lucy* and *Gummi Bears*, beloved by everybody from Turks to Pilgrims, but American attempts at serious current affairs programming are like the dull speeches given at a banquet before the usual dinner course is out. In contrast, they would point out, our own public affairs programs are treated with respect and fondness, and, what's more, people out there in the hinterlands of Canada actually pay attention to them.

In a way, all this was true. I know young men and women today who became interested in journalistic careers for the first time because of *The Hour* *Maclean* *Day* *News* *Hour*, with Patrick Watson and Lucien LaPlante. It was undoubtedly a wonderful show, revolutionary in the art of the interview, and in the process reaching a vast audience of Canadians who had never been touched by a public affairs program before. There was that wapp, volatile LaPlante and that soothing, unflappable Watson — a nice mixture of Gothic ethics and Wagon wheel. Watson, in particular, had this unusual knack when he interviewed fools or liars. He would gently back them into corners and poke with his questions, until you could see, as the person died in on them, anxiety begin to eat the very lines on their foreheads.

Now, of course, *The Hour* is long gone, having been only its mythological reputation as the classic Canadian current affairs show. The new public information showman, *Prime Time Live*, Adrien Arlberg, and so forth, are, at their best, sturdy, informative, and mildly daunting. One does not want to be too critical of them. Still, in comparison with *The Hour*, they are pale and unexciting, and they do not make Canadian heads nod with pride.

Whether we should go back to show the *The Hour* *Maclean* *Day* *News* *Hour* is another question. I've often heard it said that the concept of that show, with its emphasis on "confrontation," was simply a part of the ethos of the late 1960s, after all, and that public information programming for the Seventies should concentrate on covering issues "in depth." This argument assumes that television can get to the truth underlying the great problems of the times if it just probes deeply enough. But the sort of underlying truth television uncovers will always depend on who is doing it. An English CBC news team will give you a different story about the future of Quebec than a French CBC news team, any time. The three-part CBC documentary *Elements Of Survival*, shown last September, was in many ways a masterpiece of the problems of the world food shortage and population explosion as you could hope for. Yet it was a demonstration that deluded its own purpose. For all its profundity, the series merely succeeded in regging at the viewer for a full hour, and as never back to be staged at.

I don't think, then, that the nebulous criteria of "in-

depth" (reputations are as useful as the more visceral criteria of how well a public information show can stirle, outrage, intrigue or generally move the viewing audience. To satisfy that criteria, the public affairs program must have elements that were always present in *The Hour*. The first is a willingness to take chances, to poke into sensitive areas. This willingness to be outrageous, even at the risk of being dead weight on occasion, has been conspicuously lacking in late in our public affairs programming. About the only thing recently which might have caused a ripple in public consciousness was a segment on CTV's *W5* accusing the Vancouver RCMP drug squad of trafficking in drugs, stealing and using terror and brutality for that reporting the drug trade.

Aside from that report, the status provided on each show to *Prime Time* and *W5* are not calculated to jolt you, as right as some underfield. A few are outright dramas, like a *Prime Time* segment on Montreal city councillor Nick And For Mair, based with little more and the cozy banner of a CBC in-group. The rest tend to waste for computer-like information conveying, in the memorable phrase of Sam Levine, producer of the CBC series *Goody*, "old information." *W5* has a report on some food planning to head out west from Ontario in a wagon train, accompanied with snippets from a village western. *Prime Time* gives you the man from the States who is developing the talking wilderness. These can be entertaining enough, usually, but they come painfully close to that boring old category of news reports known as the "human interest story," the fact that they're often the best of these shows have in offer is truly depressing.

The second necessary element is a hint or suggestion with a strong personality. It is important in elements, really, as the willingness to take chances. On that score CBC in particular comes out a loser. Dan McNeill of *Prime Time*, for example, a pleasant to watch but too mild and too in-gratious to light any fire in the viewers' heart. As for Adrien Arlberg at *Adrien Arlberg*, there seems to be a basic rigidity in her character, a subtle avoidance of anything spontaneous or unpredictable that makes anything she has to say. It is the more open, substantial quality of CTV's Michael Maclean that doubtless accounts for his greater appeal. He helps his clients to acknowledge statements and positions that Canadians never would, and yet it is obvious he meant every word he says, with no apologies to anyone. Of all the current affairs commentators now on the air he must embody the qualities that made *The Hour* *Maclean* *Day* *News* *Hour* a touchstone for current affairs programming.

**WATCH** Corporations (CBC — Sunday, 8 p.m.) The best film documentary series of the season, offering a close look at the inside of one of Canada's largest corporations, Steinberg Ltd. of Montreal.

**BEWARE** *That's My Man* (CTV — check local listings) Another ethnic union, this one demonstrating that a black family can be as racist as white folks.



# SMOKEHOUSE TALES: THE STEAMY SIDE OF INDIAN LORE

By Kildare Dobbs

Sensational books about Canadian Indians by descendants of the white men who dispossessed them are not my favorite reading, but despite my vow not to read any more Indian books, unless written by the Indians themselves, I found myself enjoying *Tales From The Smokehouse* by Herbert T. Schwarz (Harcourt, \$1.95). The illustrations are by Debra O'Leary, an Indian, and the stories Dr. Schwarz tells have been "collected" from Indians. (One "collects" folklores, apparently, like birds' eggs or butterflies, since native peoples—unlike our sophisticated and fallen selves—are considered wild life, part of nature.) But the author disclaims any scientific value. From his pen, the picture, glowing under a bar but like a cigar-store Indian, he's obviously a non-scientist.

The smokehouse of the title is a sweat lodge in which the Indians tell each other more or less steamy tales. Since the scientists are all men, the stories tend to celebrate male potency, though a couple of them try to make sense of its troubling aftermath. There is the loquacious brave who with the help of the medicine man is able to detach his sex organ and send it flying to its destination, where it grasps the way for its owner—a sort of fifth column. There is also the bald medicine woman who has teeth where no teeth should be; a sexual nightmare familiar to psychiatry is the smokehouse version of *Beauty and the Beast* as an Indian girl is possessed by a bear and at last becomes a bear-woman herself! The later stories in which white men and white women figure, are a kind of defensive folklore.

An Indian man, for example, has an affair with a lady teacher. She does things to him Indian girls are too shy to do, poisoning his life with longing for what he cannot have. He comes to a sad end. The source for this story, by the way, is given as the lady teacher herself! A strange derivation for fiction folklore! The moral—that whites are a bad lot and best avoided—may owe more to liberal guilt than to Indian traditions.

In the same way, a tale about both the iniquities of fur traders who corrupted the Indians with venereal probably originated in the dislike of housewives and housewives for their alcoholic rivals. It was the housewives and not the traders, who dispossessed the tribes and destroyed the base of their culture. They and their posterity got all the blame on their minds. Now they grow sentimental about their victims.

How Indian is the sexual life in these stories? Dr. Schwarz says the erotic passages are "impossible to present in their original form." He has interpreted them in his own manner; what as I've already suggested, is enjoyable enough. O'Leary's illustrations owe something to ventriloquist Indian art and more to Cubism but they are neat and sexy.

What carries Schwarz's *Tales From The Smokehouse* is his skill as storyteller. It is the same with Shimon Herron's new novel *The Best In Last Year's New* (McClelland and Stewart, \$7.95), which purports to take us into the minds of a few Basque revolutionaries.

Herron, (above) is a former Ukrainian who won a CBC

man, then a United Church clergyman and finally a Winnipeg newspaper columnist and novelist. His fourth novel, *The Worst Month*, was a thriller based on the troubles in his native Ireland; it's clear that he has focused himself in an author of lively, unflagging narratives packed with incident and violence.

The hero of *The Best In Last Year's New* is a socialist doctor who has succeeded in covering up his savage terrorist past in the Civil War. As the story opens, he is threatened with exposure by the similar activities of his son, who is a member of an organization called the Fifth Assembly. Spies, the doctor says, "is a dangerous among nations. Look at it. Its mountains are naked rock, like snarling teeth on an angry dog. Look at our cathedrals, drenched in bloody images and tears and sorrow." The passage is typical in the way it betrays Herron's socialist-upon-view. Nor is he lacking in a strong conventional wisdom, which presents the terrorist and the policeman as partners and brothers in a cruel dance. His moral insight, inspired by the Bible, preaches and fuses forth the workings of Providence, which waits the ass of the fathers on the children. But no matter. Herron's zest and love of heroic action sweep us along.

Herron's point of view, like that of Schwarz, is that of the outsider contemplating as an outsider; he is no more a Separatist than Schwarz is an Indian. Another one owed by a Canadian offers the same kind of viewpoint, *Fly Away Paul* by Peter Davies (General Publishing, \$6.95).

The protagonist is Paul, a boy whose parents have dropped him as an institution for delinquents such as himself, refugees from broken homes, orphaned and victim, many of working class background. In the institution they are treated as delinquents and criminals. The author once worked in such a home in Montreal and the novel embodies his identification with its victims.

The living conditions, presented as uniformly horrible, approximate fairly closely what I remember of life at Irish boarding schools. We too were starved, scared and beaten, but for us it was considered a privilege to endure such hardships since our parents were paying good money for them. Davies, the compassionate outsider, has failed to imagine the consolations of life in such jails. Paul, perhaps because he feels his parents have rejected him, is never happy for a moment, except at more or less distant ways.

The staff are a bunch of grouchy perverts. Old King Cole, their leader, is a typical bully. Paul sees his whole world on escape.

Despite the vividness of the narration, there is something eminently false about this novel; the whole viewpoint of the social worker.

All three of these books are in their different ways fictions of social conscience. The authors see themselves as right-thinking men who are spectators of injustice and wickedness. The best fiction is made by writers grappling with the evil in their own hearts.

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# CRIME AS VANCOUVER'S GROWTH INDUSTRY

By Heather Robertson

Walking through a shopping arcade in Vancouver's Gastown at a sunny afternoon I almost bump into four men huddled in a corner of an outdoor staircase. They are young, three are pale and greasy looking with stringy fair hair and black leather jackets, one is black. They glance up at me briefly, startled, and slink together, turning their backs to me, bent over something. The black man picks up off a wall so big it fits his fist; the sweet smell of hushed fists in the air.

I am surprised to see both being sold so openly in a respectable public place, but this is Vancouver, the newest capital of Canada, home to an array of 10,000 pokies, prostitutes, gangs, puffers, beggars, thieves and killers, a sleazy city of struggle and can race where the stock exchange is notorious for fraud and organized crime is quietly buying up legitimate business and creating its real estate.

Crime is Vancouver's growth industry. Its core is a booming heroin trade — it is estimated that half the North American supply of heroin from South East Asia is imported into British Columbia. More than two tons of heroin pass through BC to the United States every year. BC addicts consume more than 1,000 pounds of heroin worth \$245 million a year, cocaine and "ash" drugs account for an equal smokable. Drugs have become a serious problem in Vancouver, but the province has established the Coordinated Law Enforcement Unit, a task force of RCMP and city police, to investigate organized crime. CLEU's initial report gives a shocking outline of the Vancouver underworld.

According to the report the traffic in narcotics is controlled by eight or 15 Vancouver syndicates, some are Greater, the others Canadian. The profits are staggering. A pound of heroin can be bought in Asia for \$7,500. It sells to the top man in Vancouver for \$25,000. By the time it is cut or diluted and placed in paper capsules it is worth \$3,000 an ounce to the middle man. As an ounce yields 900 caps which sell to street dealers at \$600 for a bundle of 25. The dealer profits then to add for \$35 to \$40 a cap.

A police with a two-cap-a-day habit needs \$25,550 a year to buy heroin. He usually gets it by begging, theft, ransacking, forcing, pushing or armed robbery. Violent crime in BC has more than doubled in the last 10 years and CLEU authorities estimate that 75% of it is connected with drugs. The more advanced street dealer from the producers, they often end up in a back alley with a bullet in the back. Murders in Vancouver increased 20% last year. Jesters will kill each other on contract to a syndicate boss for as little as \$100, say CLEU's police.

Narcotics are the visible tip of an organized crime pyramid in Vancouver. Profits from the drug trade are siphoned off into construction crime. The CLEU report claims that up to 30% of the mining and small industrial sectors on the Vancouver exchange are monopolized. A group of 25 to 50 people with criminal records, including known gambling promoters and drug dealers, are involved in the market. Pure



loan-sharking operations are known to exist in British Columbia; those are connected with drug trafficking. Organized crime is also active in cargo theft from the waterfront and airports, stolen and counterfeit securities, pinching, "planned" bankruptcies and tax evasion.

Commercial crime enables crooks to launder "dirty" money by giving it a more respectable front. The money is then invested in legitimate businesses — hotels, nightclubs, apartment blocks — and real estate. There is considerable evidence that organized crime has made its way into the mainstream of Vancouver's commercial and industrial life. The city risks corruption.

"Organized crime is not out of control," says BC Attorney-General Alan Rockwood, who set up the CLEU task force. "We should be optimistic that we are not like New Jersey where the thing has become so deteriorated that it has corrupted politicians, infiltrated police and the judiciary." But last year a member of the RCMP drug squad was convicted of trafficking in hashish, three more officers were dismissed from the force and 12 were questioned. Police claim to know the names of the people at the top of the drug syndicates, but have been extradited to the U.S. to face narcotics charges there but none have been prosecuted here.

Press reports and radio shows fan public hysteria with periodic frenzies about Granville St. drug deals, yet they remain mysteriously quiet about the structure, operations and ringleaders of the drug industry. Commercial crime is virtually ignored. Few stock firms are prosecuted successfully, its loan sharks have been charged. The risk of apprehension and prosecution is so slight that a financier would probably not consider it important to be involved from the operation," says the task force report. Smuggling is not even mentioned as a criminal activity in the CLEU report and the case of wholesale theft on the waterfront remains unknown. Police speak of manpower. Is it quality, experience, or a conspiracy of silence?

The city is thriving, business, construction and real estate are booming. Nobody wants to give the city a bad name, scare away tourists, frighten future investors. So they keep quiet. "Funny there never has been a book written about the drug trade in Vancouver," says journalist Harry Bradford, "but chances are good that you'd wind up dead under a cloud of bushes out in Langley." Protected by phantasies of greed, fear, middle men, promoters, profits and phony connections, the big fish in the Vancouver underworld maintain a low profile. Nobody knows how high the syndicate network actually reaches.

Vancouver is not the only Canadian city where organized crime has gained a foothold. In Toronto a well-known developer has a plan to migrate his wife, a bookie, a blow-up in his car, a Winnipeg businessman has his legs broken with a baseball bat. Evidence of organized crime is sufficing everywhere. There has never been a federal investigation. I wonder why.

PHOTO BY GARY LAYTON FOR THE GASTOWN PHOTOGRAPHY

**The White Elephant**  
(Smirnoff® white cream de cacao 35% ALC/VOL)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the cream de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version was hands-down "Delicious," tastes said us, "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

"That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down too easy!"

4 "That's a problem we haven't faced before. This drink has 2 oz. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it [and yourself] with respect."

To make a White Elephant. Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff® 1 oz. white cream de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

**Smirnoff**  
It leaves you troubleless



coolest...  
cleanest...  
*most refreshing!*



Just a single drop  
of menthol



—never hides the  
rich tobacco taste!